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THE SPHERE, JULY 24, 1937
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CL No. 1957 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 24 1937

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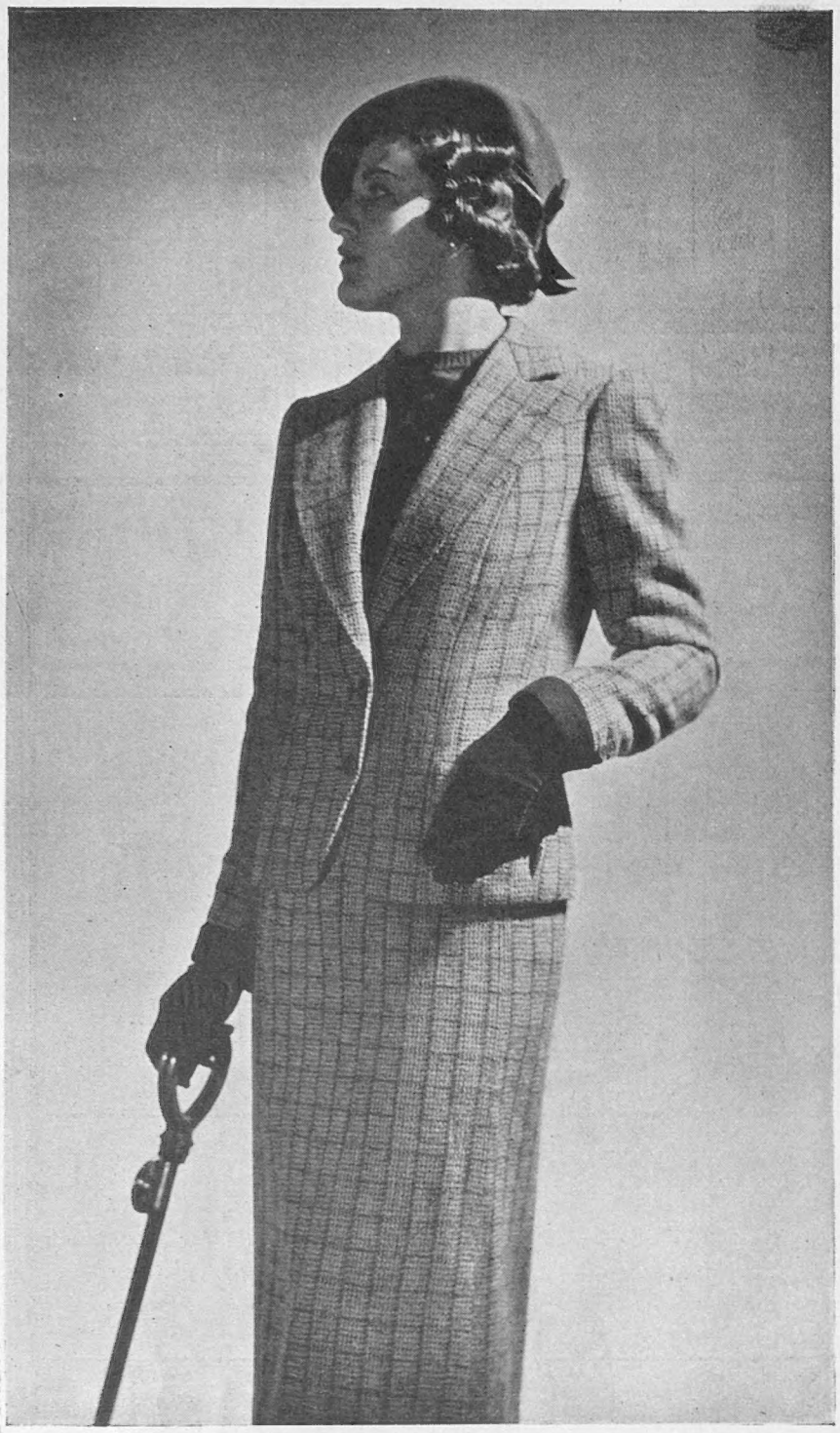

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, July 24, 1937

IN HONOUR OF VISHNU

The Great Annual Car Festival at Puri, Orissa, Takes Place in Rain

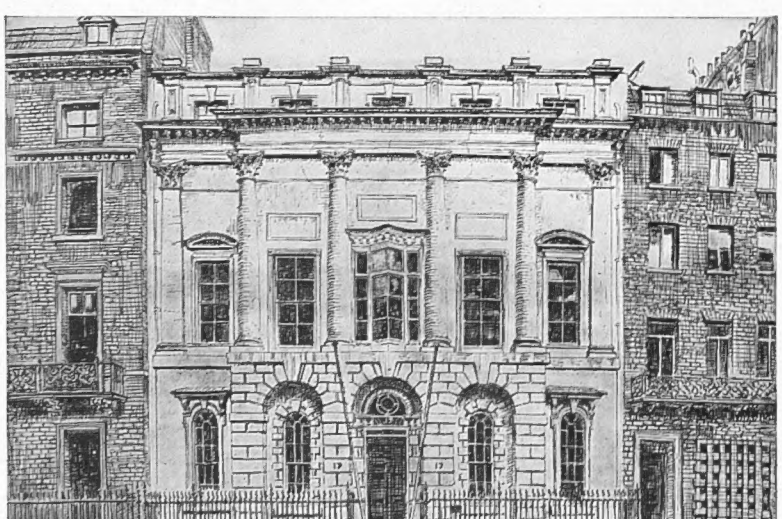
Known under the name of Rat Jatra the car festival at Puri, the famous pilgrimage centre in Orissa, is one of the greatest religious ceremonies held in India. On the great day the images of Jagganath (Lord of the World), his brother Balaram, and his sister Subhadra are taken from the Temple of Jagganath and placed on three huge cars and pulled by pilgrims. In earlier years these cars sometimes became uncontrollable and many of the pilgrims were crushed beneath the wheels. There was at one time much argument as to whether these incidents were cases of self-immolation, but examination proved that almost in every case, they were accidents. Even these do not occur nowadays, save at very rare intervals, owing to police supervision. Part of the huge crowd of pilgrims is seen hauling one of the three big cars by means of long ropes. In spite of the heavy rain which fell this year, thousands attended the festival

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

QUEEN MARY AT WANDSWORTH: Amidst decorations almost rivalling those of the Coronation, and of a rich, Continental flavour, Queen Mary opened the new Wandsworth Civic Centre on Wednesday of last week. She is seen on a dais draped in scarlet and gold prior to opening the doors with a golden key. Her Majesty was received by the Mayor and Mayoress of Wandsworth, Councillor W. H. Heath and Mrs. Heath

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, July 21, 1937.

SPAIN.—Because the Nations of Europe unanimously thrust the task on Britain Mr. Eden accepted the responsibility for presenting a scheme which might avoid the total breakdown of non-intervention in Spain. Not Mr. Eden only, but every sane statesman in Europe realises that, if non-intervention went, Europe would enter on a phase even more perilous. His scheme was forthcoming at once. It was, of course, with all its difficulties and weaknesses, cut and dried. It was the same scheme which any other statesman, strictly impartial, must have compromised with. It is and can only be a disagreeable compromise to meet a grave crisis. Mr. Eden propounded it to the House in a great speech, stressing frankly its objectionable features, realising the points which different nations would oppose. He believed that, because the alternative to acceptance is so perilous and awful to contemplate, such objections would be more academic than insurmountable. Always Europe must compromise or disintegrate. Thus, France must growl over the conceding of belligerent rights, even though it be subject to withdrawal of volunteers. The Fascist States must object that such withdrawals from Valencia are impossible, if only because the Spanish rival Governments could not agree. Russia is bound to oppose anything put forward by Italy or Germany. Meanwhile, the scheme has been unanimously accepted as a basis for discussion by all the non-intervention nations. The discussions will be the test of Europe. If the nations accept compromise and save non-intervention, it means that at the best they have united in a common move for European peace; at the worst, that none is able to contemplate (or, worse still, yet ready for) war. For if non-intervention breaks down, a *casus belli* must result swiftly and inevitably in the scramble by partisans to run arms into Spain for either side.



Drawn by Dennis Flanders

PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S BIRTHPLACE TO BE DEMOLISHED: An artist's impression of No. 17, Bruton Street, soon to vanish under the pick of the house-breaker. It was here that the Queen, then the Duchess of York, gave birth to her first child. It is, of course, regrettable that this fine stone mansion with its royal associations should have to go, but it seems impossible to stop the attack upon Mayfair. A large block of old buildings partly in Bruton Street and partly in Berkeley Square is being swept away to make room for a very big office block, and No. 17 happens to fall within the scheme, therefore the house must go whether the birthplace of the heir-presumptive or no. What the scheme means as regards Berkeley Square is detailed on later pages in this issue

FAR EASTERN CONFLICT.

—Always there is conflict in the Far East. War clouds never disperse—the sun shines politically only in patches.

A LONDON

For in the debatable lands north of Peking and south of Mongolia, politics are shreds and patches, there is no single authority on either side to pursue an agreed policy. China is still a prey to rival Governments, rival generals, and to us inexplicable and indefinable racial aspirations, while Japan, so efficient, so modern, so concentrated in many spheres, political and economic, is at the mercy of the present rivalry for leadership between the army, once dictators of the policy of war and peace, and the Government of Prince Konoe which desires moderation and has its eye on the conventions and statesmanship of civilisation. On one broad issue, army and Government are, of course, agreed in principle though not in policy—to detach the North from the Nanking Government. Hot-head soldiers may see the God-sent moment now arrived, as a result of a deliberate policy of "baiting," to seize Peking and control the Yangtze and create a sandwich of two Manchurias with Mongolia as the enclosed ham. But moderate statesmen, even in war-like and exuberant Japan, read the lessons of history and do not want another Manchuria. Manchurias pay no dividend; that is proved. Japan can always smash China "locally" but China can never be conquered. She is too big. And till she is conquered, there is no rest and no profit for those who occupy her territories by force. Japan knows that, and sane men in Japan must constantly regret being at the mercy of hot-heads in command of her frontier armies. She is a poor country and any curtailment of her trade must lead inevitably to bankruptcy. Neither Government wants war. China could not win; Japan could not profit. And Japan has most to lose. Yet everything conspires to keep the tension at breaking point. Racial characteristics perpetually cause fresh irritation. The Japanese are crude diplomats, the Chinese the shrewdest in the world. The race which can sweep the field in war is often worsted round the table. And there is the further cause of irritation that the Chinese intellectual regards his Japanese opposite number as a stupid, unlettered parvenu, as indeed he regards (with some colour of reason) the officials of western nations with whom he comes in contact. Peiping times of peace seem far distant.

WINNER OF BISLEY'S COVETED AWARD: Officer-Cadet [illegible] winning the King's Prize, the premier award at Bisley

CROWN SERVANTS.

—The code expected to be maintained by Crown servants in Britain is high and is generally adhered to. It should be, for the Crown servant is to-day pretty well looked after. Take a man who with fair ability and application reaches the middle goal of Principal Assistant Secretary or Major General or Rear-Admiral. While active in that grade he receives £1,600

NEWSLETTER

£2,000 a year and on retirement for the rest of his life will draw a pension of £600 to £800 a year. He calls that pension, of course, his own deferred pay, but his active pay is not bad if you consider his *security*, his generous "holidays with pay," and his very respectable "social status." In addition, to the Crown servants go a quite extraordinary proportion of those doubtfully desirable things — honours and awards. To him are given a huge ratio of the (K.)C.Bs., (K.)C.M.Gs., C.B.Es., O.B.Es., M.B.Es. handed out twice yearly and greedily scrambled for. Indeed, when Honours Lists are published, the average visitor to these shores might well think that Bureaucracy and Big Business (and of course Party services) are the only "professions" seriously regarded by authority in this country. When a literary man, or artist, or architect, or doctor, or professor of science receives an award, there is usually a splash headline such as is reserved for an earthquake or other rare phenomenon. The Civil Servant in short is well regarded and cared for. Accordingly, he has little grounds for complaint at the very moderate clipping of his wings on which the Government has been more or less compelled to insist, when he seeks to go into business on retirement on pension. During his professional career he gains experience which business firms often consider may be of first-rate importance to them. He is on friendly terms with the heads of Government departments and knows the official ropes and how best to approach the right man in the appropriate department—a great asset to business firms of all kinds, not only those who regularly tender for public work. Such business firms regularly offer directorships or other posts to ex-Crown servants. A Commission made fairly drastic recommendations to control the entry of ex-Crown servants into such businesses. All that the Government has done is to require that for two years after retirement (on pension) Crown servants of the "major-general" grade must obtain the sanction of their chief of department before accepting any business appointment. It is fair enough and no great hardship. To a limited extent it will remove public anxiety or suspicion.

VANISHING LONDON.—

The *Times*, in common with many other patriotic individuals and institutions, deplores the destruction in London of the beautiful and the historic for commercial ends. It says well that "a terrace in Bloomsbury maintained in its original form would tell the twenty-first century more about its predecessors than a library of monographs." The aphorism is as indisputable as the ideal seems impracticable. The trouble is that a square foot in London is worth an acre elsewhere in terms of £ s. d. That is why the novel suggestion or hint to London ground landlords which the *Times* throws out, seems to me sadly idealistic. That hint is that it is open to ground landlords to "schedule for preservation samples of an older London." Since a "sample of Old London" may very well, rationalised, bring in revenue sufficient to maintain a fine sample of Tudor or Queen Anne domestic architecture in Hertfordshire or Bedfordshire, with its park and appendant acres and all the upkeep involved, your London landlord is instantly posed with a grim dilemma. And that dilemma is further complicated by the unanswered question: Can the capital of civilisation remain even partially static? Can she be preserved even in part as a museum or an historical document? We must keep the Tower of London, yes. But can the needs of a live city consent to the sterilisation of complete squares no longer suitable for residential purposes but "ripe" and fit for commercial development? I, who ideally would call a halt to all such commercial development and hateful destruction, see the difficulties which face those who, owning parts of London, own also so much that it is precious and expensive to maintain in the country; and face those also whose conflicting loyalties include healthy progress and respect for tradition and the beautiful. Whether it be in London or in the countryside there cannot be in our time any security for what is lovely and treasured save by desperate last minute raids by the faithful to snatch here and there a relic from the pyre and preserve it for a little while longer from the flames of progress and commercialism.

KENSINGTON'S ISLAND SITE.—

And can lovers of London ever agree about the place and the hour for a stand against commercial iconoclasm? The island site at the end of that dreadful Cromwell Road is a case in point. It is "threatened by commercialism" and it is almost the last site in London on which I would waste my energies. Even if the hideosities which have long disfigured it, were removed in a night, I could not visualise it as a site for anything pleasant or beautiful, and with respect to Lord Bessborough, Lord E. Percy, and Mr. Sitwell, I think its selection for the site of the long-prayed for Shakespeare Memorial Theatre would do ill service to the cause. A theatre at Sloane Square is a risky speculation, a theatre still farther west would be a graver risk. There is something about that Cromwell Road and the Natural History Museum which freezes the springs of inspiration and dilutes the flow of soul with turgid and luke-warm water. A Memorial Theatre at that spot I should class with Baron Grant's effigy of Shakespeare — a perching place for moulting pigeons, a centre for the depressed. I shall strike no blow for the island site which is well suited for a super cinema or petrol station, either of which would facilitate a swifter and less cheerless passage along the Cromwell Road.

LONDONERS' HERITAGE.

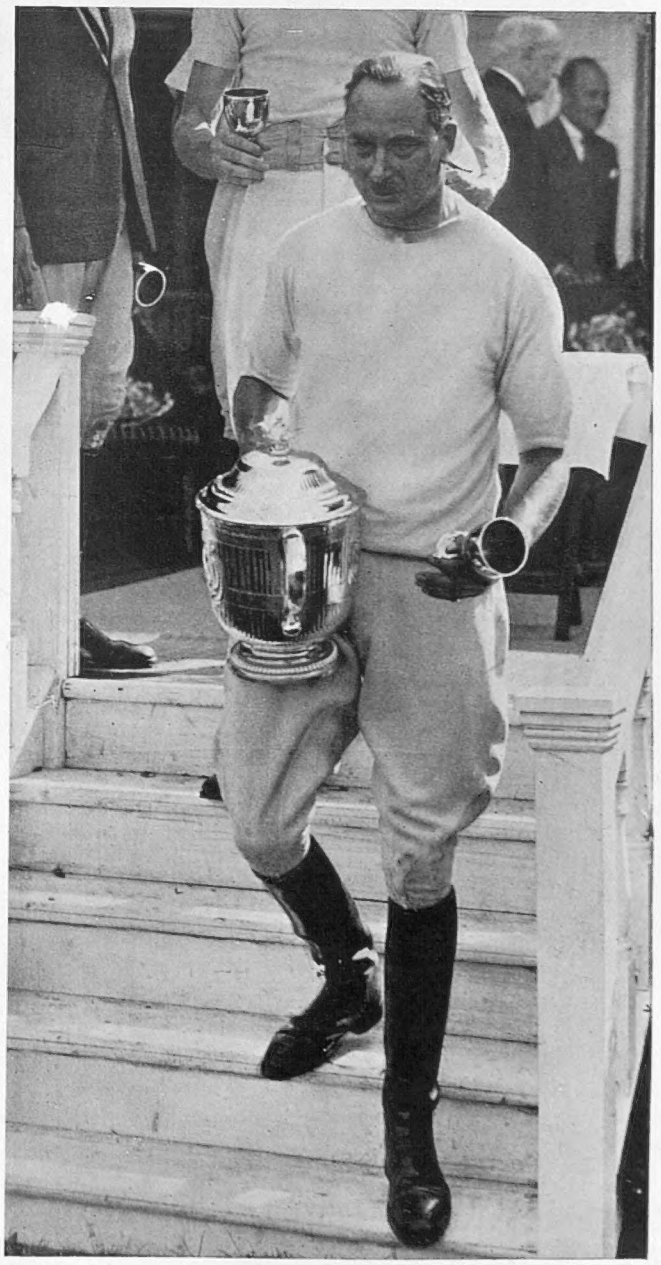
—After all, the Coronation visitors who lingered longest have been able to see London normal and at her best in July. I never thought such a thing would be possible and I take my hat off to the Office of Works. The Coronation scars are almost gone, the grass is green, the trees as graceful as ever, the flowers as well displayed. Walking on a lovely evening last week about 6.30 by the water in St. James's Park, I thought I never saw it looking more lovely, with the towers of St. Margaret's, or the white palaces of officialdom, embowered in plane trees and seen through a vista across the gleaming and placid water, bordered with willow herb and red and yellow flowers. It is here that the dignity and aristocracy of the Londoner's heritage are best appreciated. On such an evening no private ducal palace has anything to show more fair. Not Chatsworth, nor Woburn, nor Blenheim, nor Arundel, fine as they are in their various, noble ways. And the Londoner enjoys (for very little) what the poor Duke must pinch and plan to preserve, not indeed for himself and certainly not for his posterity, but for . . . what? An ideal, his traditions, for the sake of his ancestors?

LORD HALIFAX.

Among the most difficult tasks which to-day face preachers in the pulpits of our churches are: to define clearly the Christian's attitude towards the international situation; to find a watertight compromise which at once condemns war and justifies it in the last resort; and to harness upon nations the very same principles of Christianity which clearly fit the individual. Lord Halifax the other day in the pulpit at St. Martin's took on this difficult business, rendered all the more difficult in his case by the fact that he could not avoid the necessity for preaching both religion and politics. He was lay-preacher and Minister of State. Yet no layman (and no clergyman) is better qualified to attempt the impossible. Lord Halifax's qualifications stand out. He has a splendid presence and a matchless voice; he is at once a sportsman and a scholar, a great English gentleman and a good mixer. Transcending these qualities, there is the spiritual asset. His sincerity and religious convictions are everywhere acknowledged. He speaks from the heart and, as all know, he practises what he preaches. But his difficulties remain. He is a bold preacher who can declare that Dick Sheppard and Lord Ponsonby have not authority in the teaching of Christ for their attitude and policy towards war. Indeed any attempt to deny that authority instantly turns the Bible into an ambiguity comparable with the Delphic Oracle. "Turn to him the other cheek"; "I am come not to bring peace, but a sword"—Century after century men have taken their stand on one or the other utterance in their attempt to justify or utterly condemn war, which all unite in regarding as the chief of human ills. Lord Halifax cannot find the solution. It lies—as he says—at the end of a long still untrodden road, the hard road of individual charity, unselfishness, and above all prayer. Prayer for a right judgment in all things for men and nations, citizen and statesman.

THE OLD STAGER

D. L. Birney, formerly of Cambridge University O.T.C., and now a solicitor's articled clerk, being chaired after Competing against crack shots from all over the Empire, his score showed an aggregate of 283 points



THE DUKE'S POLO VICTORY: The Duke of Gloucester, who captained the House of Lords team against the House of Commons, seen with the Harrington Cup which his team won at Ranelagh

FLY-CASTING "ACES": The World's Championship Tournament of the British Casting Association was held at Ranelagh Club last Saturday, and among the contestants (left to right) were; Mr. Arthur New, U.S.A. champion in accuracy casting; Lord Glanusk; and Mr. M. K. Hedge, the world champion trout caster

CASTING HOPES ON A PRIZE! A general view of the amateur trout-fly distance cast with A. F. Diemer casting in the World Championship Fly-casting Tournament at Ranelagh

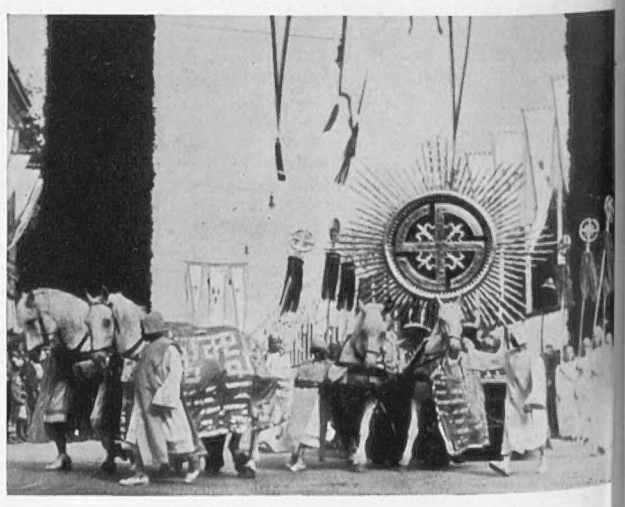
ADAM STREET COLLAPSES: Residents in Adam Street, Adelphi, London, abandoned their houses when a portion of the roadway fell into the excavations on the new site

AT HOME:

SOVIET YOUTH PARADES: To commemorate the twentieth anniversary of the Proletarian Revolution and the adoption of the Stalin Constitution Moscow staged a gigantic physical culture parade in the Red Square, more than 40,000 athletes of eleven Republics taking part. Above is seen the device of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic

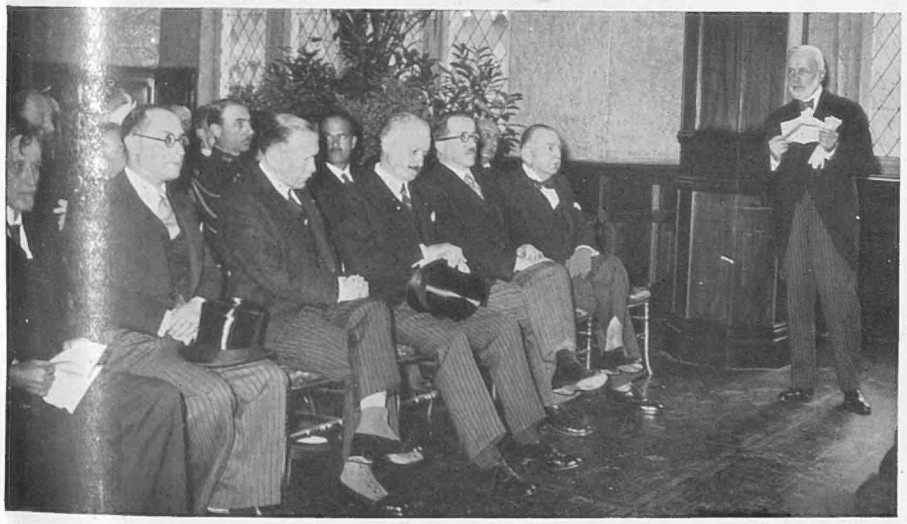
SPORTS STYLES IN U.S.S.R.: A column of girl athletes of the Uzbek Soviet Socialist Republic clad in silk trousers passing through the Red Square in Moscow on the occasion of the U.S.S.R. Physical Culture Parade

ART IN GERMANY: A view of the east exhibition hall of the House of German Culture in Munich which was opened last Sunday during the German Art Day celebrations which were attended by a procession as shown on the right. Nothing but pure Nordic art has been placed in the new building, which bears over one of its doors the dictum "Art is a mission demanding fanaticism"

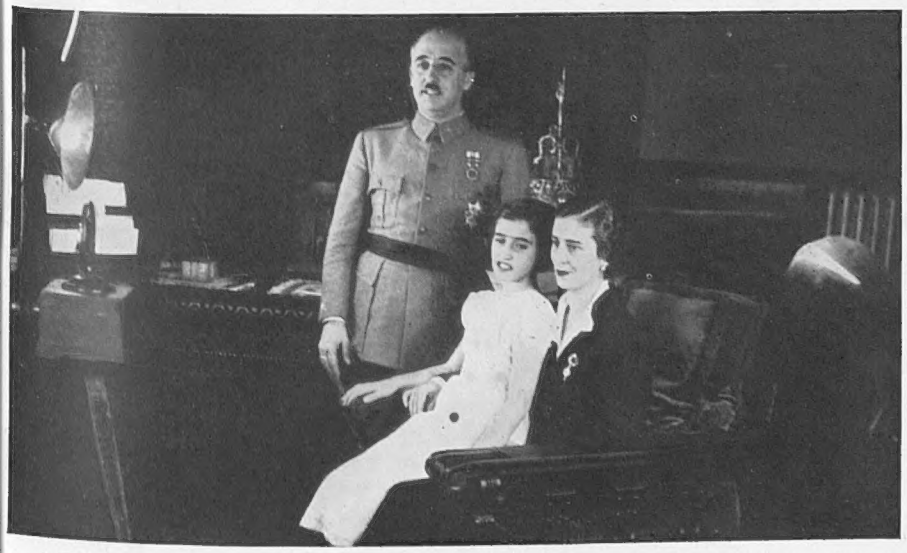


ABROAD:
U.S.S.R. and Germany

NEW FRANCO-BRITISH COLLEGE IN PARIS: President Lebrun seen after inaugurating the Franco-British College (Nathan foundation) at the Paris University City last week. With him are M. Branet, Director of the University City, and Sir Eric Phipps

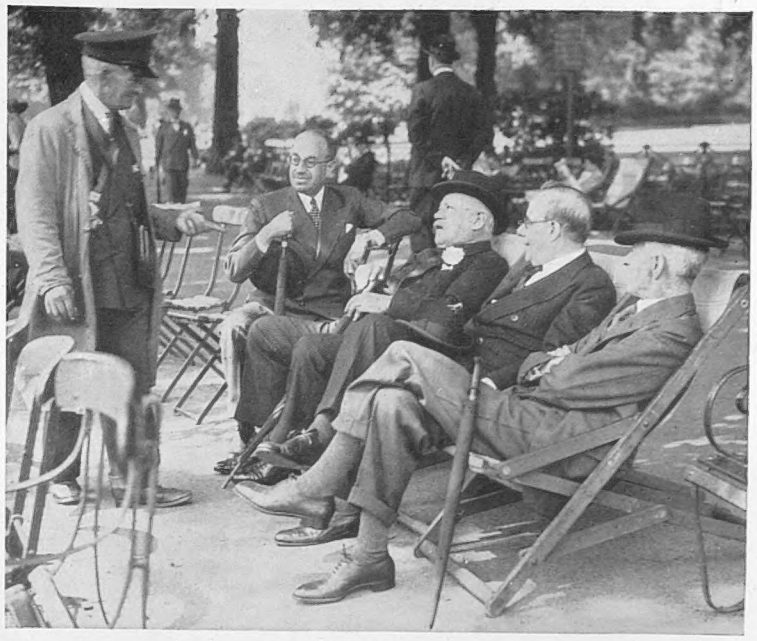


INAUGURAL ADDRESS: M. Branet making his speech at the opening of the Franco-British College. In the group from left to right are: M. Charlety, Rector of the University City; M. Jean Zay, Minister of National Education; Sir Eric Phipps, the British Ambassador; President Lebrun; and M. Langier, representing M. Delbos, the Foreign Minister



ABROAD:
France and Spain

AFTER ONE YEAR OF WAR: General Franco, the leader of the Spanish Nationals, with his wife and daughter at his headquarters at Salamanca



TICKETS PLEASE! A friendly argument as to who should pay for the chairs in Hyde Park between Mr. Armand Lowengard (left), Paris art expert; Mr. Jules Bache, New York art connoisseur; Lord Duveen, art authority; and the Rt. Hon. George Lambert

A BRIDE IN THE BREEZE: The Hon. Ursula Vivian, daughter of Lady Swansea, on the occasion of her wedding to Captain the Hon. Charles Bernard of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, at St. Margaret's last week

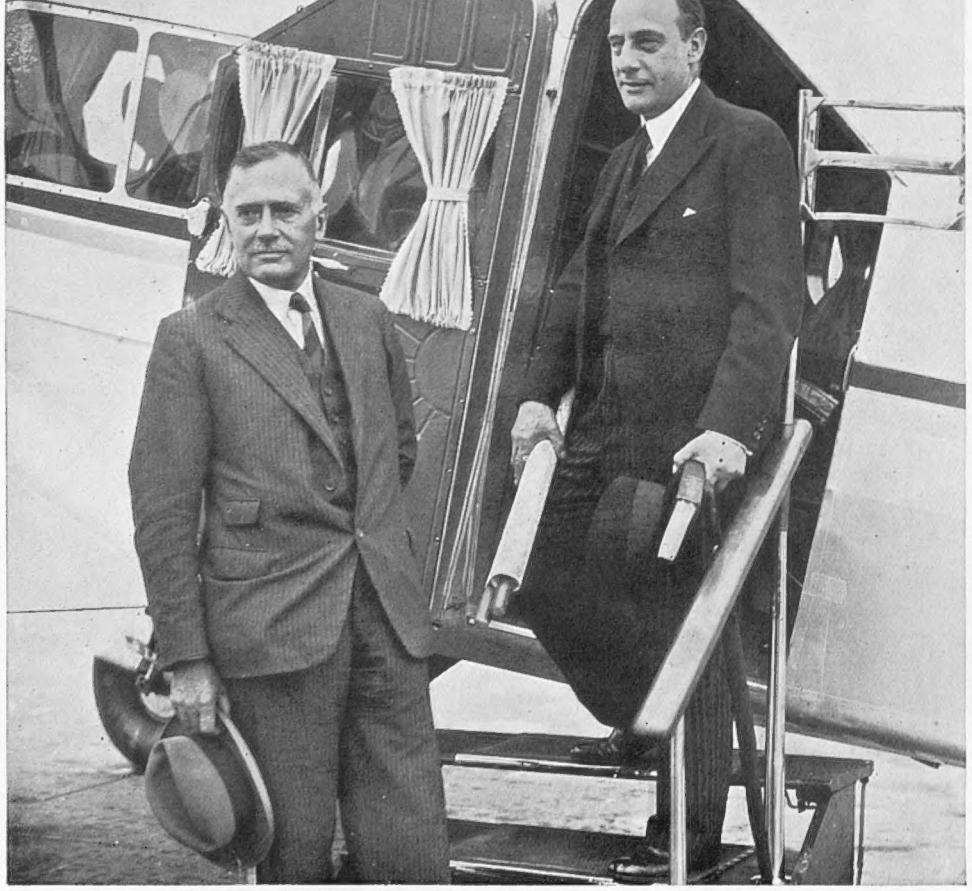
AT HOME:

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER presenting diplomas won by the students of the Royal College of Art at the Victoria and Albert Museum, Kensington

HEADLINED NE

THE DUKE OF KENT AT WORKING MEN'S FLATS: His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent presided at the opening ceremony of a block of flats at Lennox House, South Hackney, last week. He is seen above about to make his opening address from the balcony of the flats to the cheering inhabitants below

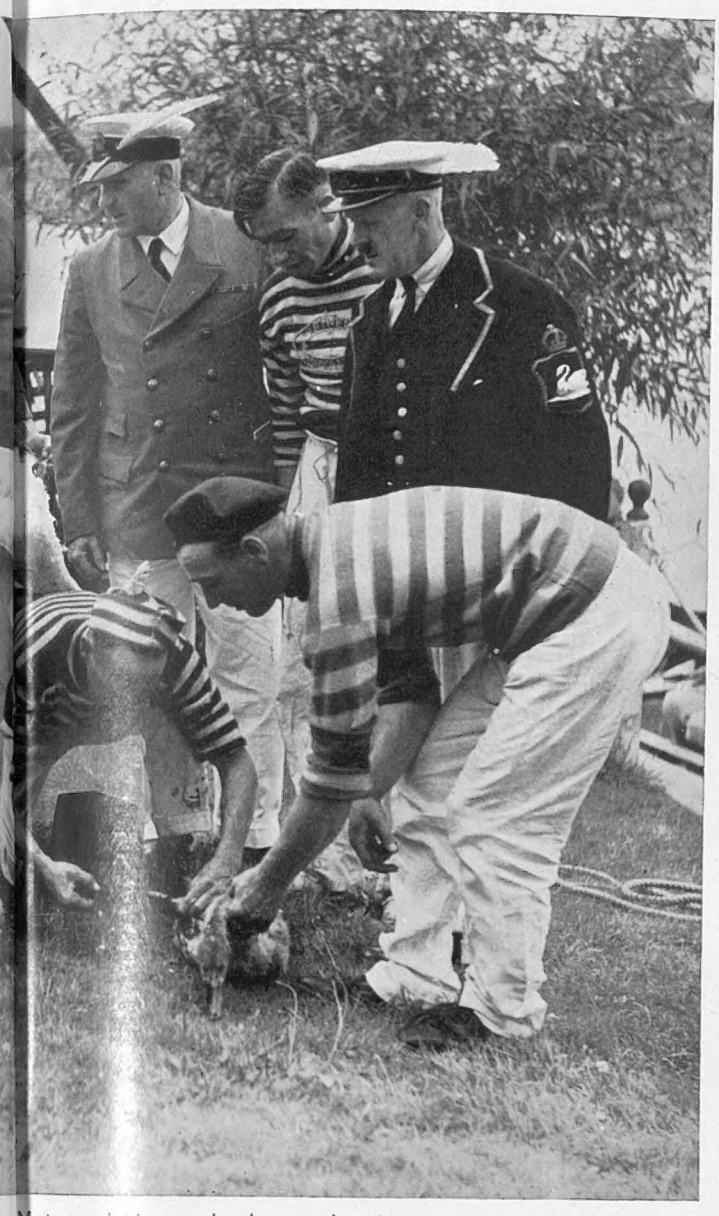
THE ANNUAL SWAN-UPPING: Mr. Fred Turk, the King's Swan-M marking all the swans from Southwark Bridge to Henley, seen broadcast by the B.B.C., began last Monday and has continued th required in rounding-up and handling the b



AERIAL SURVEY: Mr. Leslie Burgin, Minister of Transport, and Mr. F. C. Cock, Chief Roads Engineer, entering their plane at Croydon last Monday when they left by air to survey Britain's road problems over an area from London to Newcastle, across to Carlisle, and back to London

THE CUP OF VICTORY: Prince Birabongse of Siam, driving an E.R.A., om Crystal Palace road-racing circuit. His Highness received the R. in this thrilling event were I. F. Con

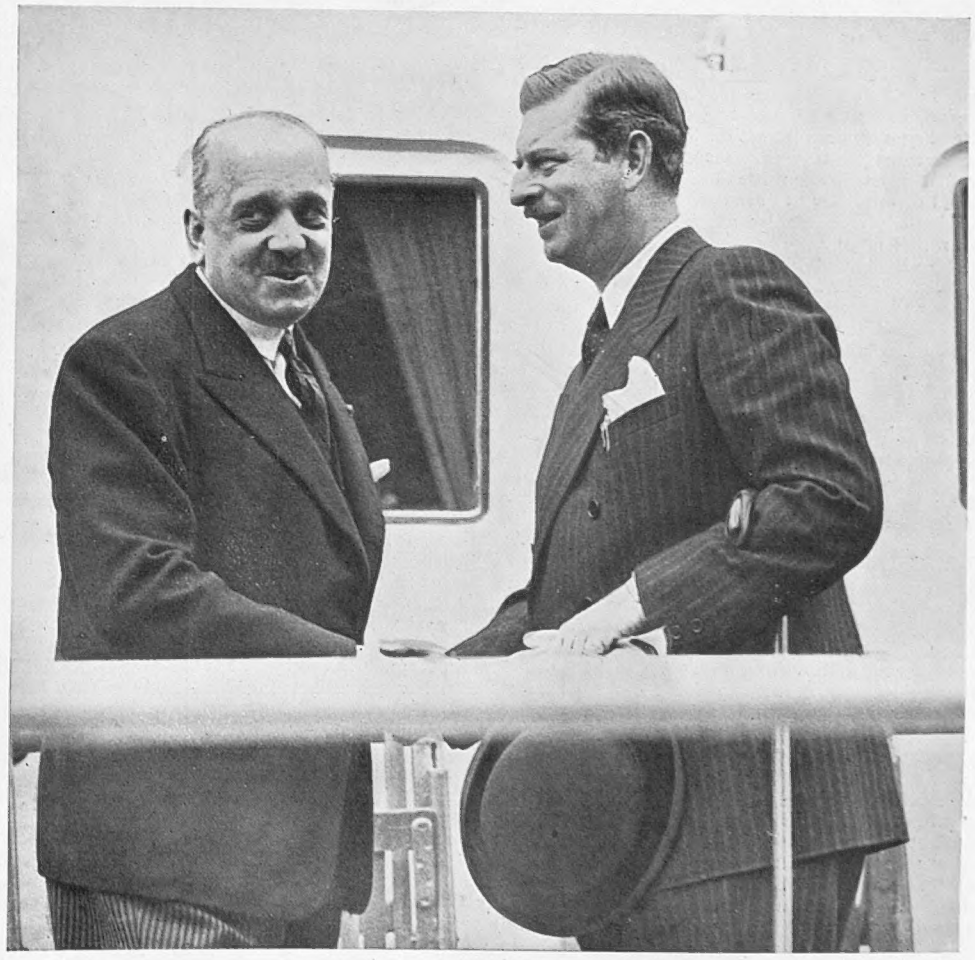
EWS IN PICTURES



Master, and his two brothers and assistants entrusted with the task of marking swans and cygnets at Teddington. The task, which was throughout the week. This work is highly specialised, great ski'l being birds which are both strong and elusive

PRINCESS ALICE COUNTESS OF ATHLONE AT SOUTHAMPTON: Last Monday Princess Alice Countess of Athlone opened the new Mission to Seamen Institute at Southampton in connection with the Merchant Navy Week festivities held in that city. Princess Alice is seen inspecting the bluejacket guard of honour from H.M.S. *Revenge*. Following her is Lieut.-Commander Freemantle

, won the first London Grand Prix held last Saturday on the new om the hands of Mr. Charles Follet who presented it. The runners-up R.A.) second, and P. Maclure (Riley) third



A KING ON HOLIDAY: King Carol of Rumania, who is at present on a five-weeks' holiday tour, arrived at Dover from Paris last Monday. He was greeted on arrival by the Rumanian Minister, M. Basil Grigorcea, on the deck of the cross-Channel steamer, *Côte d'Argent*,

A STUDY of the intrepid young aviatrix before the statue of Washington

AMELIA EARHART—

The Problem of Finding Howland Island

AMELIA EARHART, most painstaking and modest of all long-distance flyers, has, it can but be presumed, made her last flight, and the real tragedy of it is that, in the manner of her passing, much of the good work she built up during the latter part of her life in the cause of aviation has been destroyed. She herself, one knows, would be the first to realise this, and one can be sure that her anxiety after her plane had been forced down in the sea was not fear of being left to die, but fear that, in dying, the efforts she had made to show the practicability of aviation would be largely nullified.

But there is really no reason why the dangers of this particular flight should be compared with those commercial air lines that now stretch over oceans and continents with apparent contempt. Unlike some ocean flyers who, for the pleasure of being acclaimed courageous, set off on long flights with no wireless or other aids to safety, Amelia Earhart took every precaution and had her plane so equipped with instruments that it earned the title of the "Flying Laboratory." On this, her last flight, she failed owing to lack of ground organisation.

Howland Island, a mere speck in the Pacific, was an essential stepping stone for her to refuel after a flight of 2,000 miles, and before she flew on to Honolulu and home. To it she and her navigator, Captain Noonan, had to fly with no landmarks to aid them. Their navigation therefore depended on dead reckoning (the estimation of course and speed made good), celestial observations by sextant, and any wireless bearings from ships they might be lucky enough to get.

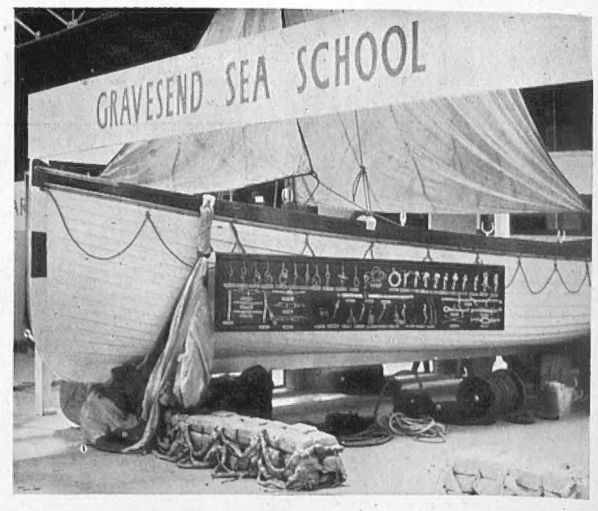
The last definite message from the flyers was the one received half-an-hour before their fuel was due to be exhausted and which told the world that they had apparently missed Howland Island. They then had no precise idea where they were so that rescue parties had little to go on. Some idea of their position at that time would have been got by the ground radio stations had there been any in the vicinity. Two such stations fitted with direction-finding apparatus would have been able to spot the plane's position—roughly at any rate. But the nearest was at Honolulu, some 1,500 miles away, and that was of no value whatsoever.

As the flyers were unable to rely on radio service from ships to guide them they had to pin their faith on dead reckoning and celestial observations. One can be certain that Captain Noonan, a qualified navigator, took such observations as often as possible. The modern bubble sextant, and the ingenious tables that are now available for the rapid calculation of "fixes" in the air, make this form of aerial navigation remarkably accurate. The navigators of Imperial Airways' *Caledonia* and the American *Clipper* ship, which recently flew the Atlantic, stated that they relied more on the sextant than anything else. Why then, did Captain Noonan fail to know his position sufficiently accurately for Miss Earhart to keep her plane heading for Howland Island?

The answer, I believe, is probably a combination of two circumstances. The first is dependent on the rapid speed of the Lockheed Electra, which was the plane they were flying, and the second on the weather conditions prevailing in the vicinity of Howland Island at this time of year. The Lockheed Electra was cruising at probably 180 m.p.h. This high speed would render Noonan's observations not so accurate as they might be at a lower speed; and under ideal conditions an aerial navigator cannot expect to be able to determine his position within 10 miles. Under normal circumstances this should be quite sufficient, but supposing the objective is a tiny island shrouded in a sea mist which reduces visibility to even the comparatively generous distance of 5 miles, then, without a homing radio beam along which the pilot could fly, he might well just miss it. At this time of year there is frequently such a mist at Howland Island, and there is no beam along which Miss Earhart could fly. Once having missed it under such circumstances, it is easy to imagine her having little idea where her mistake lay, and all she could do would be to cruise frantically around hoping that she might come across it before her petrol gave out.

Nigel Tangye

BIRTH of MERCHANT NAVY WEEK by Dog-Watch



ONE OF THE EXHIBITS in the sheds of the Merchant Navy Week Exhibition held at Southampton Docks this week

FOR THE MEN OF THE MERCHANT NAVY AND FISHING FLEETS

They dare all weathers in all climes and seas
In every kind of ship; the risks they run
Are all the greatest underneath the sun.
Their Fortune is as flinty as their bread.

Some truces Nature grants them, never peace;
The work they do is hourly undone.
By them, we make our money and are fed,
Let England, doing Justice, honour these.

JOHN MASEFIELD

THESE lines appear as a sort of trumpet blast in the *Official Souvenir Handbook and Programme* of "Merchant Navy Week, Southampton, July 17 to July 24." And a note explains that they have been specially written by the Poet Laureate for this occasion.

One wonders why. I who know a little about our Mercantile Marine do not for a moment dispute Mr. Masefield's facts; but they must be curiously uncomfortable for the Shipping Federation, which has lent its aid, and scarcely useful in arousing the enthusiasm of lads to join the Merchant Navy, which is one of the objects of the "Week."

Well, looking back, one has to realise that the first Merchant Navy Week has had a remarkably "good Press." The B.B.C. has also done it extraordinarily well.

This is probably due to the fact that the organisers hit upon the idea of building in one of the Exhibition sheds the life-size replica of a liner's bridge. From that bridge such varying persons of distinction as Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, the Lord Mayor of London, and Admiral the Earl of Cork and Orrery, Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, have in their turns opened the day's proceedings.

That was a bright, not to say brilliant idea; and one could only wish that the rest of the programme had been as brilliant.

One must not be too unkind. One must remember that, after all, this is the *first* Merchant Navy Week, and that it was organised in a race against time and amid many difficulties. So after all it is, perhaps, only fair to pat it on its baby head.

One has also to bear in mind that its purpose—apart from the help it gives to Missions for Seamen—is a national one of immediate importance. How important I gathered from the hard-bitten lips of old naval men who were giving their services to "put it over." It seems there never was a time when naval men and men of the Merchant Service were so much in accord. The naval men say truly that, in the event of war, the Merchant Navy is Britain's First Reserve. And such is the shortage of ships, the shortage of officers, and the shortage of men in the Merchant Navy that, in the event of war, practically the whole of the Merchant Navy would be swept into the service of the Royal Navy. And then, where would be the ships to bring us supplies? We should be, even though the Navy kept the seas, starved out. No ships, no men, and no food.

One grand old man of His Majesty's Navy argued thus—and, believe me, he was no Socialist. It was—bar a few good lines—the precarious livelihood and the vile conditions of service which kept boys from joining the Mercantile Marine. Driven to sign on by hunger, man made the round voyage to be paid off and start again. "Look," said this elderly naval man, "at the Scandinavian countries. No wonder they are piling up the tonnage. In the Mercantile Marine of the Scandinavian countries a man joins a service. He is well found, well fed, secure."

That is a side view on our Merchant Service from an ex-officer of the Royal Navy who wanted mere justice done to the officers and men of the Merchant Navy. And that on national grounds.

I believe that man of the Royal Navy to be right. And that is why every effort must be bent on making Merchant Navy Week a success in the future.

As to the present one. The Southern Railway has done its generous best in giving its docks over to the cause. But it is doubtful if Southampton Docks was the best place to choose for the initial venture. They are too "far flung" to keep such an enterprise within bounds. "The liner—she's a lady." Well, there were majestic "ladies" moored to Southampton quays.

That grand ship the *Empress of Britain*—for in spite of all her internal luxury she is a ship—was on view; and later the *Aquitania*. You could inspect either of them at a "bob a nob." And there was the *Queen Mary*—looming over everything which you could explore at five shillings a head. There was also H. M. battleship *Resolution* which you could tour for nothing. And H.M.S. *Resolution* was doing all the "big business." Something wrong here in Merchant Navy Week. Without wishing to be unkind, I think what was wrong with Southampton's Merchant Service Week were Southampton Docks, too wide and open spaces.

I should like to see the Port of London Authority take over Merchant Navy Week next year. What pageants they could provide in dock after dock, day after day. Not models in sheds, but the real thing at work—the hurrying derricks of the ships that ply to New Zealand and the Argentine; the lascars of the black and cream P and Os. And they could assemble "the little cargo boats which fill with every tide." If the International Horse Show can assemble polo ponies and pit ponies and war veterans, the P.L.A. could assemble colliers and trawlers and drifters and give us at dock-side the real salt smell of the sea.

And then, I doubt not at all, Liverpool and Cardiff and Leith and Newcastle, and the Hartlepools would fall into line; and we should have Merchant Navy Weeks indeed.

And it is much to be desired that we should have some weeks if the Merchant Navy is to be served.

A NEW CROSS-CHANNEL BOAT

The newly-constructed twin-screw motor vessel *Royal Sovereign*, leaving Tower Pier for her berth at Southend, prior to going into the service of the New Medway Steam Packet Co., Ltd., for day return cruises to Ostend, Calais, and Boulogne

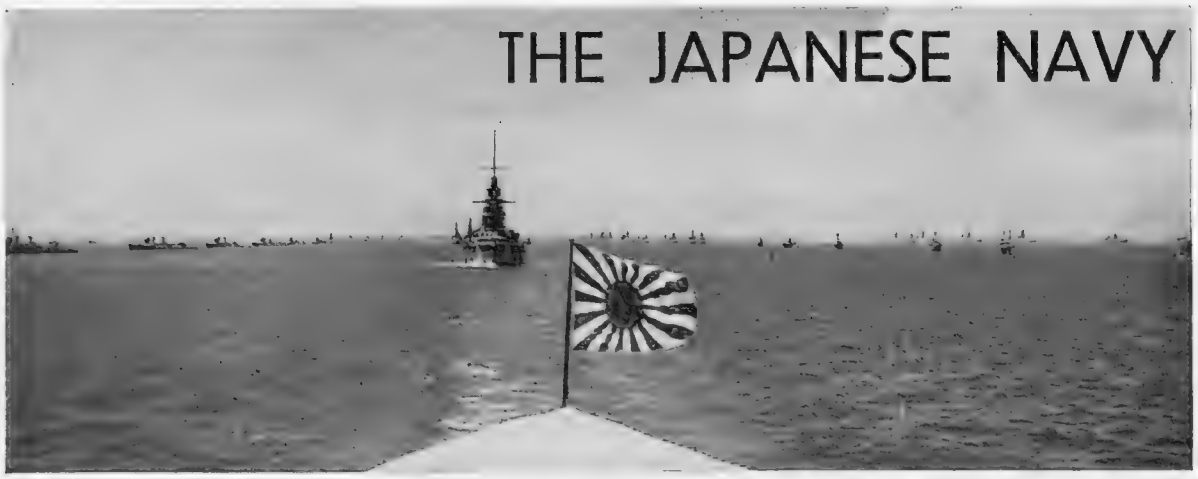
THE LONDON SCENE

Three Thamesside Pictures of Interest in Last Week's News

A MAMMOTH IN MINIATURE: One of the three young Indian elephants recently sent from Calcutta, being coaxed into a travelling box at the Royal Albert Dock. The smallest of these, seen above, is intended for the Pets' Corner at the Zoo

BY THE KING'S LEAVE: Six Royal Watermen forming a guard of honour for Lord Ritchie at the laying of the foundation stone of the new Albert Dock Hospital. They attended after being given special permission by the King

THE JAPANESE NAVY OF TO-DAY



A Force Which Has Borrowed Extensively from the West but is not Afraid to Experiment with Home Conceived Adaptations and Ideas

By FRANK E. BOWEN

JAPAN, the youngest of all the naval Powers, has set the pace in the naval race by her refusal to agree to the limitation of the size of guns, and by this challenge to the other Powers, whether she intends to follows it up or not, she has greatly increased her prestige in the East, which is still further increased by the careful veil of secrecy with which she has surrounded all her naval affairs, even the Diet being refused any information as to the disposal of the money which it is expected to vote without question.

Among the Western Powers there is a mixture of feeling. Some of them are willing to concede to the Japanese navy all that is claimed by its most enthusiastic propagandists, while others, partly to cover a feeling of alarm, suggest that the excessive secrecy covers a very serious condition of affairs, and that Japan is maintaining her naval position by pure bluff. As in most such cases, neither view is anything like the truth; the Japanese navy is a remarkable force, especially when one considers the disadvantages against which it has had to fight; but it is not by any means perfect, nor is there any reason to believe that it is superior to our own in matters of detail, although that is often claimed for it.

In naval affairs, as in all others, the Japanese are particularly clever copyists and improvers rather than originators, and although the material of their fleet now differs radically from all others they have not originated any remarkable principles, but starting with what they considered to be the most practical they have adapted them to their own needs and have not hesitated to break away from tradition whenever it has appeared advisable. A good deal of this breaking away is in matters of external appearance and details which, while they make a deep impression on the superficial observer, do not really count for very much in the war game. At the same time their designers must be given every credit for taking the fullest advantage of the opportunities given to them by Japanese conditions. The crews of their ships, although larger than the average, demand far less space. The small stature of the average seaman multiplied by hundreds, permits their architects to allot far less tonnage to accommodation, while the living standards are very much lower than in practically any navy. It is safe to say that the mess decks in which the Japanese seamen appear to be quite happy and healthy would mean an appalling sick list in a ship under practically any other flag. Further displacement is saved by the fact that their ships are designed for use in local waters almost entirely and therefore do not have to be provided with the features indispensable in a British ship.

This ability to disregard, or to reduce, factors which must always be kept in mind by the foreign architect permits the Japanese to get very much more out of every hundred tons of displacement than anybody else, and when the displacement of ships was limited under the Washington and London Disarmament Treaties this made a lot of difference. When they built to the same tonnage as the British or American, the Japanese contrived to include more features in practically every case, making a very big impression, or alternatively they got the same paper qualities on a far smaller displacement.

The great question is whether, making the most of this great advantage, they have not gone too far and overloaded their ships in a manner which is likely to hamper them very severely under active service conditions. In one or two cases they certainly have; a new class of torpedo boat contrived so many features on a small displacement that it excited the admiration of the naval world, but it proved to be so overloaded that the first one to be completed capsized, and the rest of the class had to be radically altered in order to make them sea-worthy. Latterly it has been impossible to get full and reliable information of such mishaps owing to the secrecy policy, but it is known that some of the newest cruisers have given a lot of trouble on trial and have had to be put back for alterations.

At the present time four new capital ships are projected, of which two will probably be laid down this year. In view of their refusal to limit the main armament to 14 ins. in calibre, it is probable that these ships will carry 16-in. guns, but whether they will be above the 35,000-ton limit or not is a very open question. The navy already possesses two post-war battleships mounting 16-in. guns, and eight other rather older ones mounting 14-in., but it must be remembered that they have spent more money modernising their older capital ships than any other navy, and even the oldest now bears little or no resemblance to her original form and power.

THE PERSONNEL OF THE JAPANESE NAVY: Owing to the average size of the Japanese naval seaman the designers have been able to build ships in which the living accommodation is much reduced in comparison with foreign navies. Mr. Bowen points out that the seamen are quick and adaptable and the officers extraordinarily industrious and efficient

In aircraft carriers the fleet is very strong. The converted capital ships, *Kaga* and *Akagi*, are among the biggest and most powerful in the world; like the big Americans they mount a powerful battery of 8-in. guns and, like the Americans, the Japanese appear to have come to the conclusion that this powerful armament is not really worth while. Their newer carriers, which are much more modest in displacement, have 5-in. guns, intended only for their own protection against surface attack or aircraft, which was the policy followed by British designers from the beginning.

Japanese cruisers are, on paper, the most remarkable in the world, and on a limited displacement they have contrived to combine gun-fire, speed, and protection, both external and internal, to a degree which has been found impossible by other navies. Whether these qualities have been obtained at a sacrifice which is not yet obvious must remain an open question, but it must be confessed that the *Asigara* made a tremendous impression on the observers of all nations when she joined the International Fleet for the Coronation Review at Spithead. Both capital ships and cruisers are conspicuous by their colossal fore-bridge structure, which contains all the nerve centres of the ship. It is certainly most imposing, but the risks are obvious. The old idea of not presenting a large target is now dead, for naval actions are fought at such long ranges that there is a big element of chance in scoring hits on the ship at all, let alone on any particular part, but if it were hit the results would obviously be serious, and the effect of such a huge structure on stability, especially in a minutely-subdivided ship which has been hit enough to make her leak badly on one side, have to be considered.

THE COLOSSAL FORE-BRIDGE STRUCTURE OF THE "ASIGARA": This warship makes a very great impression on the eye by reason of its huge super-structure but it may be doubted whether the question of stability does not negative any advantages gained by piling up control in this way

With the minor craft—destroyers, torpedo craft and submarines, and various types of "naval dust" for which the Japanese find infinite employment it is the same story of ingenious and independent adaptation of ordinary principles to the particular needs of their navy.

To the normal observer it is only the material side of the navy which attracts attention; for one thing it is so much more difficult to obtain reliable information concerning the personnel. But there is no doubt that the Japanese navy is manned by thorough seamen, quick, intelligent, and adaptable, and that they make the fullest use of all the latest scientific developments. The industry of the officers is almost incredible and there is no denying that their life is a very hard one with very poor pay.

Against this there is no doubt that the Japanese navy has to face serious risks in the immediate future which may well have far-reaching results. Although politics have not obtained the same hold in the navy as they have in the army, they are far too prominent for the good of the service. The ratings are conspicuously loyal but, especially now that they are drawn from all sections of the population, they are bound to be influenced by the changing feelings of the Japanese working classes. The shore end of the service is seriously suspect by a large proportion of the sea-going personnel and concessions which have recently been made to the dockyard workmen seem to be rather resented in the Fleet. Quite apart from these questions of personnel, on which it is very difficult to get absolutely accurate information, the Japanese navy is bound to be handicapped by economic questions, the lack of necessary raw materials and oil within the Empire

FRANCE'S MILITARY MIGHT: Alpine troops, equipped with rope and ice picks, taking part in the traditional march past on the day of the Fête Nationale. This ceremony, remarkable for the number and variety of mechanised units, was witnessed by a number of foreign military attachés and was attended by a huge cheering and enthusiastic crowd. At the end came the tanks, numbering over 200, and provided an impressive finale to the spectacle

INTEREST AND BOREDOM: Whilst the elder son of the Sultan of Morocco took the keenest interest in the display, his younger brother showed evident signs of ennui, which were abundantly manifest in one large yawn caught by the camera. The Sultan, Sidi Mohamed, and his family are on an extended tour of France

AT THE OFFICIAL TRIBUNE: General Gouraud, Military Governor of Paris, standing just behind President Lebrun. In the background can be seen, from left to right, King Carol of Rumania, Sidi Mohamed, Sultan of Morocco, and M. Herriot, President of the Chamber of Deputies

BASTILLE DAY IN PARIS

How the 14th of July was Celebrated in the French Capital

b 2

IN A MEDIEVAL SETTING. Standing on a canopied dais, the King and Queen listen to the voices of the Welsh Choir with the ancient walls of Caernarvon Castle making an impressive background. Affixed to the battlements are the Royal Arms and the shields and arms of the great families of Wales, many of whose descendants were present on this impressive occasion

o o o

On left—LOYALTY ALONG THE ROUTE: The royal car at the railway bridge in Bridge Street, Newport, which was bedecked with thousands of Union Jacks, on the first of the two-day visit on Wednesday of last week

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THE CENTENARY OF THE VERSAILLES MUSEUM

KING LOUIS-PHILIPPE'S arrival at Portsmouth in the French steamer *Gomer*. See note on page 156. She was propelled by two big paddles, and on arrival the yards were manned, as in the old sailing days. A detail from the painting by Isabey in the Versailles Museum

COURTESY TO THE VISITING KING: Prince Albert and Queen Victoria travelling to Gosport with King Louis-Philippe. From an engraving by Pingret

ONE hundred years ago Louis-Philippe inaugurated the museum in the Palace of Versailles. In commemoration of this centenary an imposing exhibition is at present being held in one of the ground floor galleries of the famous château. One of the most interesting features of this museum are the great galleries of paintings in the attics of the château. Few, indeed, of the many thousands who visit the palace even know of the existence of this public collection which is very interesting from an historical point of view, for it constitutes a survey of events in France, with portraits of famous characters, from the time of Napoleon. In a room of the Attique du Midi there are a number of pictures relating to the visit of Queen Victoria to France in 1843, and the return visit paid by Louis-Philippe to England the following year. Among the twenty-six paintings there are one or two little-known portraits of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert and the French Emperor and Empress, and several scenes of the voyages of the two sovereigns. Here, for example, Biard has depicted the meeting of Queen Victoria and Louis-Philippe on board the *Victoria and Albert* on September 2, 1843; and Lami, the arrival of Queen Victoria at Tréport on September 2, 1843, and at the Château d'Eu the following day. The majority of these pictures, however, relate to the reception of Louis-Philippe in England. Three examples are given here.

A.W.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO FRANCE: A detail from a contemporary record of the meeting of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and the King of the French on board the *Victoria and Albert* in 1843

THE CHILDREN'S PILGRIMAGE TO LISIEUX: In Honour of the Child-Saint; St. Teresa

WHITE-ROBED WORSHIPPERS OF THE CHILD SAINT: Some of the 50,000 young pilgrims who took part in the great celebrations at Lisieux in honour of St. Teresa. July 8 was the day specially reserved for the children who came from all parts of Europe to pay their homage

On left — YOUTHFUL FERVOUR: Children, wearing the scarlet cross of the Crusaders, singing the praises of St. Teresa

AMID scenes of splendour and enthusiasm, the children's pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Teresa took place at Lisieux during the Eucharistic Congress. St. Teresa, who was twenty-four at her death forty years ago, was a Carmelite nun and was canonised in 1925 by Pope Pius XI

On right — SAINT TERESA'S BASILICA, the magnificent edifice erected in honour of the child-saint at Lisieux and opened by the Papal Legate, Cardinal Pacelli, who presided at the Eucharistic Congress held there

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DRAMA, FILM, and TERPSICHORE

Ice Carnival Experiment at the Coliseum—Parnell on the Screen—The Story of Francesca da Rimini as a Ballet

been a successful play of that name, a film called *Parnell* has been made and is at the Empire. An enjoyable time can be spent in watching Mr. Clark Gable, who is a deservedly popular favourite and plays Parnell with a genial and heroic swagger and, of course, without a beard. Very little impression is given that Mr. Gable has anything to do with Irish politics, or politics of any kind: but he has, of course, a great deal to do with Kitty O'Shea, played by Miss Myrna Loy prettily enough in approved Hollywood fashion and without any sense of period or of anything beyond a justification of repetition of the ancient dictum that this is yet again "the greatest love story in history."

The only surprise the film contains (beyond an excellent reproduction of Gladstone) is that Miss Loy does not wear a beard. The Pigott forgeries crop up and Pigott is made to shoot himself in the Law Courts, the reason for this venue for the suicide having been chosen being, of course, that it is an incontestable fact that he shot himself in Madrid.

Mr. Edmund Gwenn, like the fine actor he is, made a modest part memorable by the sheer perfection of his handling of it. Excellent, too, was the music with which the film is plentifully adorned. Such a prominent feature, indeed, is this music that it has now struck me that perhaps it isn't meant to be a film about Parnell at all. I believe the author, producers, directors, etc., intended it to be "the greatest love-throb" of a famous English composer and that the original title was *Purcell*. But they mixed things up a bit—and, anyway, they had to drag in Gladstone and that would have been difficult in a seventeeth-century story—even for Hollywood.

"Francesca da Rimini."—Ballet at Covent Garden is assuming such importance nowadays (due to the excellence of it) that the production of a brand new one last week set balletomanes and others agog with excited anticipation. The "others" seemed in the majority and it is good to know that the whole of this historic house is not suffering from balletomane poisoning.

Tchaikowsky was the composer chosen; so far so good, for Tchaikowsky wrote much music which for ballet purposes is ideal. His symphonic poem, "Francesco da Rimini" does not however come under that description. That it was not meant to be danced, or rather mimed, it does not matter; I would not mind some ingenious Russian making a ballet out of Bach's "Mass in B minor" if it could be demonstrated that this work really lent itself to such treatment. But *Francesca da Rimini* is disappointing material for dancing, which may be one of the reasons why M. Lichine, the choreographist has put so little dancing in it. Certainly it is "programme music," though of an indeterminate type, the composer being concerned with a pair of guilty souls whisking round in Dante's "Inferno." M. Lichine does not make these souls whisk round the stage of Covent Garden but simply takes the yarn of Paolo and Francesca and the avenging husband Malatesta, and makes silent drama out of it. What that drama is those who saw Zandonai's opera of the same name, or the play at the St. James's Theatre will remember. Those who did not, may just think of *Pelléas et Melisande*, which is practically the same yarn—and that is "the Eternal Triangle" anyway.

The main point is that Tchaikowsky's music does not even begin to fit the story. This is concert stuff, not stage stuff; moreover, it is, except for some few passages of lyrical beauty, Tchaikowsky in his most flashy, hysterical, and vulgar mood.

In the final scene, which had the merit of moving swiftly, there are all sorts of grim happenings at Malatesta's court, including a nun being bumped off with a crucifix because, it seems, she had sought to protect Francesca from Malatesta, whom M. Platoff, in black, portrayed as a sort of sadistic Hamlet. Madame Tchernicheva posed and postured in the title role in grave, matronly fashion, though the beauty of her gestures is undeniable. But why in an entertainment labelled as a ballet the lady in the chief part is not permitted to—or is unwilling to—dance I cannot pretend to understand.

Later on Francesca is seen with her lover reclining on a couch reading a book—hardly a severe test for anyone's dancing capacities. Since

(Continued on page 164)

GUN-RUNNING AND GAIETY

Miss Claire Luce who plays the part of the beautiful but dangerous spy and Mr. Peter Haddon, the Secret Service agent who has been sent to unmask the arms smuggling activities of an international gang, in the exciting play at Daly's *No Sleep for the Wicked*

COVENT GARDEN BALLET SEASON: Nina Baronova and Paul Petroff, members of Colonel W. de Basil's Ballets Russes

On right.—"HAMLET" AT THE WESTMINSTER: Hermione Hannen as Ophelia and Cecil Trouncer as Polonius in the famous tragedy

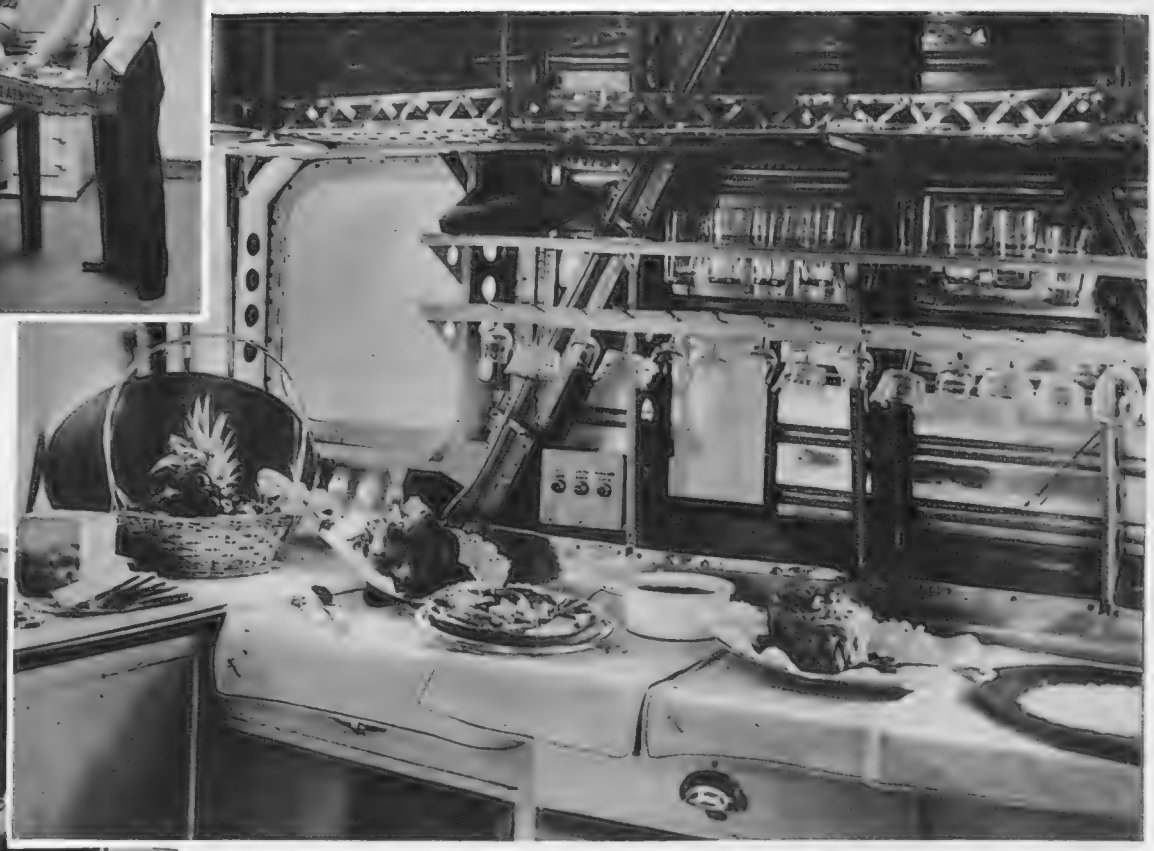
PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE

Miss Nini Theilade rehearsing for her ballet *Pyramide* which precedes *Comus* at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, this week

AN AERIAL RESTAURANT SERVICE

Luxury Meals Served in the Air in Imperial Airways Machines

THE KITCHEN AT CROYDON: The food being prepared prior to its transference on board the machines, where there are elaborate arrangements to keep the various items on the menu either hot or cold, till they are required. Imperial Airways is the only company in Europe to have a fully-equipped restaurant service operating on its air liners. This amenity will be even more enhanced on the company's forthcoming transatlantic route



READY FOR THE PASSENGERS: Various dishes in the kitchen of the aeroplane before being served to the diners during the journey. The aeroplane is equipped to carry food, wines, and other provisions sufficient for thirty-eight passengers and two stewards. Special racks are provided for holding the tumblers and wine glasses

DELIVERING THE LUNCH: The aerodrome cook bringing the dishes to the aeroplane and handing them to one of the stewards. The possibility of obtaining perfectly-cooked food during a journey adds yet another comfort to aerial travel

IN THE DINING SALOON: A steward in a spotless white jacket setting the tables prior to the arrival of the passengers. There is a remarkable variety of food and wines from which to choose. The amount of room available is easily seen in the picture on the right

A. Console

BIG MONEY IN GOLF

Champion Professional Players Whose Incomes Average Between Four and Five Figures

THE SPOILS OF VICTORY: Henry Cotton receiving a cheque for £500 as a result of winning the match at Walton Heath against Denismore Shute on Tuesday of last week

By CHARLES GRAVES

HENRY COTTON has won the Open Championship and I hear on the best authority that if he wished to capitalise his success by going to America he could make £7,000 in the course of a six months tour. Following the Championship he played Denismore Shute for £500 put up by the *News of the World*, won the cash, and announced that he was making £5,000 a year.

So there is big money in golf. Just how big it is I have been learning from Harry Piccard, the third biggest money earner in golf in America this year, from Tony Manero, and from Charles Lacey. Charles Lacey was very interesting. He is the brother of our A. J. Lacey, and has now become a naturalised American citizen. He tells me that he earns £3,000 a year, owns a house in California, an apartment in New York, and would never dream of coming back to live permanently as a professional in England.

"I am among the first twenty American golf professionals," he told me, "my brother Arthur is among the first half-dozen in England, and has perhaps the second best post as a professional over here, and yet I earn at least double what he does, lead a much more pleasant life, and find people much nicer to professionals over there. I advise any English professional, who has the chance, to go to the United States, but it depends very much on your individual character and behaviour how you succeed. American golf clubs primarily want a first-class coach for their professional. You must, however, be a pretty good golfer as well."

There are to-day in the United States 3,340 golf clubs and 1,760 members of the Professional Golfing Association of the United States. On Long Island alone there are 111 golf clubs, while at Jackson Park in the heart of Chicago over 100,000 rounds of golf are played in the brief season of three or four months. The average U.S. professional begins his career at twenty-six, earns £600 a year, and expects to retire at fifty-five. But there are thirty first-class top notch American golf professionals whose retainers from their golf club range from £500 a year to £2,000 a year. In addition, each professional receives a third profit on anything he sells. His fees for giving lessons are about £1 an hour, or 12s. 6d. a half-hour. It is true that Alex Morrison, Tommy Armour, and Ernest Jones, the one-legged Scottish professional, get £2 for a half-hour, but they are exceptional. Only 5 per cent. of the golf clubs provide a house free for the professional and it is only in the south that the professional receives a rake-off on the payment of the caddies (10 cents per caddie).

Harry Piccard was very frank about his earnings. Last year he made 7,000 dollars in tournament play; the previous year he made 9,000 dollars. That was over and above his retainer and his profits from the sale of golf clubs, golf balls, and other accessories.

"I reckon that I spend 10 dollars a day travelling, and my family costs me 200 dollars a month," he said. "This means that I have an overhead of 400 dollars (£80) a month to get back before I show any profit at all."

He actually forgot the cost of his assistant, who works out at £15 a week. It means, therefore, that he is in the red to the tune of £140 a month before he starts.

Other financial statistics he gave me include the fact that he travelled 28,000 miles last year in one car and 13,000 miles in another. He reckons that this works out at a cost of six cents a mile. This comes to £480 for his petrol bill alone.

The actual record of mileage in one year is held by Harry Revolta, who travelled 60,000 miles in his car last year.

Since January of this year Harry Piccard has played in twenty-one tournaments. He selects them with the greatest care, notices what other professionals are entering, and reckons that ten of them will be off their game and ten will be out of training. This leaves only ten to beat and he says that if he is in the first ten it clears his expenses.

Piccard is the professional at the Hershey Country Club, but not surprisingly did not wish to tell me what his retainer was. "There must be very few American professionals who can put away 7,500 dollars a year," he vouchsafed, however. "Over there things are rather different, one has to be a good guy and spend money. Of course, if I had won the Open Championship the year before last I should have been very nicely off. I had two contracts in writing in my pocket guaranteeing me respectively £6,000 and £10,000 for writing newspaper articles on golf. Unfortunately, I didn't win."

I then asked Tony Manero, who won the Open Championship not long ago, what it was worth to him. He replied that it was between 15,000 and 25,000 dollars. In view of Income Tax officials he did not care to be more exact. Indeed, I fancy that it was worth much more to him.

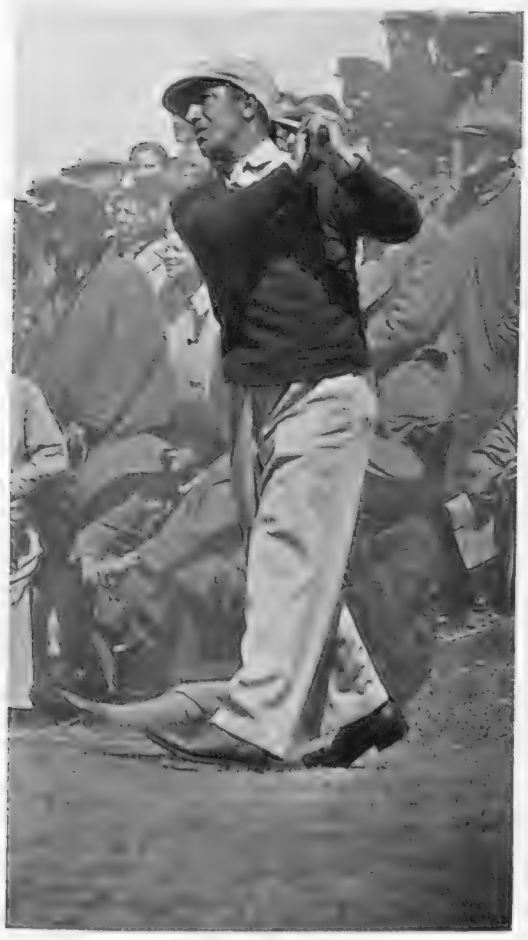
The actual prize money for winning the Open Championship is only £200, but the sports' requisites manufacturer for whom the new champion works gives him a bonus of £400 in addition, and guarantees him £500 a year for five years. Beyond this comes the automatic £200 payment for one month which the Miami Biltmore Golf Club offers the reigning champion. Naturally there are various other financial rewards. The champion lends his name to new sets of graded golf clubs at 25 cents a club. This brings in £2,000 a year. Tony Manero, like other champions, signed a number of affidavits (testimonials). These are worth anything from £40 to £100 apiece. Tony did ten. He also spoke on the wireless in sponsored programmes four times for £50, twice for £25.

Another financial advantage in becoming the champion is the money for exhibition matches. Before he becomes champion the first-class American professional will be given a guarantee of £20 plus half the gate money. When he becomes champion he receives a guarantee of £50, all his expenses paid, and if he likes to chance it he can accept the whole of the gate money in lieu of the guarantee. Sometimes the gate money amounts to as much as £400. Manero himself was never invited to act in a film, but Dick Metz has been offered £10,000 by a Hollywood film company if he ever wins the United States Open Golf Championship. That is because Dick is a good looker.

As Harry Piccard said to me, the Open Championship is worth just as much as your contracts. In other words, the financial rewards depend very largely on your personality and what you can secure on the side from the various syndicates interested directly or indirectly in golf.

In addition to the Open Championship there are a number of big tournaments which are well worth winning. There is an average of one a week throughout the year. The list is headed by the New England Match Play Open Tournament with a total prize money of £2,500, of which the winner receives £700 and the runner up £300. There are a number of £2,000 tournaments, such as the Chicago Medal Tournament. In this event the amateur prize money amounts to £1,000. Quite how the amateur is able to accept this and remain an amateur I do not know. Other big events are the Miami Biltmore £2,000 Tournament and the Los Angeles £1,600 Tournament. There are any number of £1,000 and £500 tournaments. The actual American National Open Championship provides £1,300 in prize money. As I said the winner draws £200 of this.

(*Continued on page* 156)



On left—
THE FORMER WINNER OF THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP: Tony Manero assured the writer that the winning of the Open Championship meant between 15,000 and 25,000 dollars to him

On right—
£1,720 FOR PLAYING BOBBIE JONES: Walter Hagen is another golfer who handles big money as the result of his adroitness with the golf clubs

LONDON'S

THE VIEW FROM THE RIVERSIDE SUMMIT OF THE NEW FIRE STATION: In the immediate foreground is Lambeth Bridge and beyond are a cluster of important buildings including Thames House, the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, and the great white block near Waterloo Bridge

THE NEW FIRE FLOAT PIER AT LAMBETH

LOOKING SOUTHWARD: In the middle distance is Vauxhall Bridge with a large building arising on the left; to the right are the towering structures of the Battersea gasometer and power station

A MEETING OF FIRE CHIEFS: This takes place in the new are beautifully panelled; the committee sitting at a centre is seen Major C. C. B. Morris, M.C., Chief of the Superintendent

"Drive me," I said to the taxi man, "to the new headquarters of the Fire Brigade on the Albert Embankment."

"Yes, sir," said the taxi man, and hurled me into my seat by the simple process of letting in the clutch.

We had a mad drive down Whitehall and over Lambeth Bridge. The words Fire Brigade seemed to have inspired the fellow. He was, as it were, Jehu-driving to the danger zone.

But when I was shot out I drew back. There must be some mistake. What with the handsome woodwork of the doors, the bronze work and the trellis work and what-not, I thought I was on the threshold of some super-store. Then within. The Grand Babylon Hotel? Deep leather lounges. A reception bureau. Loftiness, space. And then a roar.

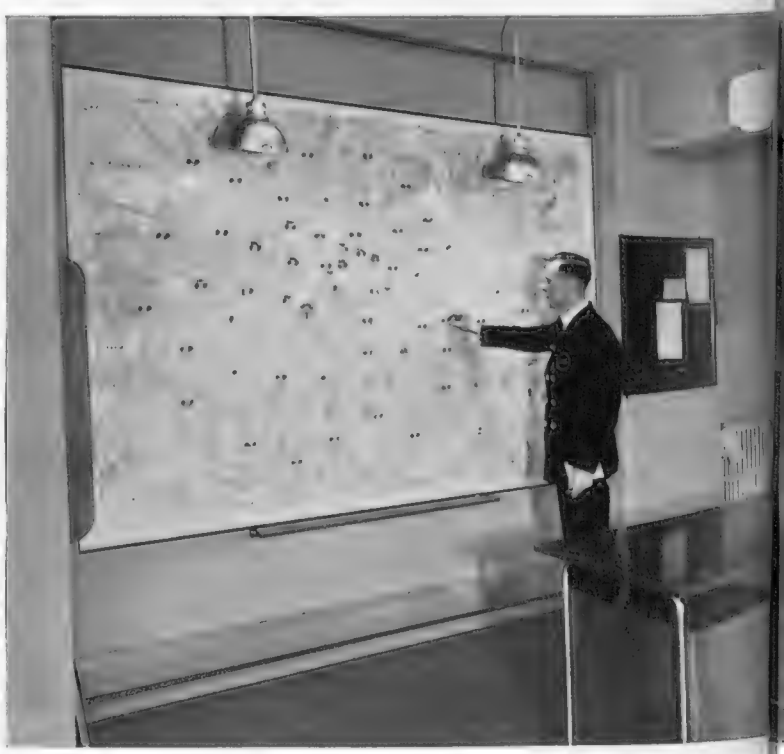
I DASHED across the rich vestibule through another door into a vast courtyard. Away to the left was a mighty tower. From its dizzy heights firemen were pouring staggering jets of water into a pool in the paving. From the pool in the paving, as water met water, rose a great cloud of spray, fine indefinable, almost invisible spray, such as rises beneath the Falls of Niagara. Through the gates on the far side of the courtyard were thundering vast red machines, each one more formidable and swifter than the last. In short, this was a rehearsal of the alarms and excursions which filled the King's eye when His Majesty opened the new Brigade headquarters on Wednesday, July 21.

But back to the building; and I was glad to get back, for I was already pretty well wet through from the spray. Or perhaps I should say let us back to the two buildings; for the main building towers ten storeys high on the Embankment and the second building, where are housed some of the Brigade command, the training school, and so on, lies beyond the courtyard at the back and across the new road which has been christened Lambhythe.

It seems extraordinary that a Fire Brigade headquarters should be of such a size till one recalls that it has to meet the needs, in the matter of fires, of the best part of 4,500,000. It has, in fact, to deal with 10,000 calls a year. Not all, of course, are serious; there are thousands of small fires, while the way in which chimneys will get alight is amazing. But it may be said that the Fire Brigade is "'ware and wakin'" every one of the twenty-four hours on every day of the year. It is a colossal job which naturally calls for a considerable staff—a chief officer, a deputy chief officer, and various brigade officers; 13 district officers, 76 station officers, 202 sub-officers, and nearly 1,600 firemen. Its equipment includes three motor floats for water front fires, sixty-six extension ladders, and 52 miles of hose. Nothing like statistics.

It is, of course, at new headquarters that the latest equipment is to be seen. The hose lorries, each of which carries *a length of hose exceeding* $1\frac{1}{2}$ *miles*. One has to see the way in which the hose is stowed before one can believe it can be carried on one car. Then there are the dual-purpose engines, so-called because they combine a 50-ft. wheeled escape with a powerful turbine pump. Mark you I have said engines because we have been brought up to think of fire engines. In modern fire technique they are "appliances." Next there are the new 100-ft. steel turn-table ladders which can be used as life-saving appliances or as water towers. But most interesting of all is the emergency van which is as complete as science can make it. It carries breathing appliances for fire-men—they do not call them gas masks at

PROVISION FOR MUSIC: The new concrete bandstand with rooms for the artistes below. This bandstand is situated at the rear of the building facing the display yard



IN THE MAIN CONTROL ROOM ON THE SECOND FLOOR: Under five Inter of London. On the left is a big map of the London area divided into specia appliances which can be raced to the seat of a fire requiring specialised an intervening sub-station, thence the details are relayed to the Brigade

NEW RIVERSIDE FIRE BRIGADE STATION

the Brigade. It carries acetylene lamps for cutting steel work if a man is, for instance, imprisoned in a lift. There is a special foam which is used in subduing oil fires; special chemicals for fighting chemical fires. That van is at once a laboratory and a workshop. Nor must one overlook the canteen van in which during the fighting of fires—which may last for days—men can be fed and "rested."

But the key feature of the building is the soundproof control room on the first floor. All round this room are hung maps. They show where every station and sub-station is; where every hydrant is. Day and night as soon as an alarm is sprung—no matter how far away—the sub-station concerned telephones to the district station and the district station telephones headquarters. The control room, therefore, not only serves the purpose of recording every movement in connection with a fire but from it the general strategy of fighting a fire can likewise be directed. As engines move, so plugs are moved, with the result that at any moment of the night or day the Chief Officer or the other Brigade Officers, can see at a glance where fires are and how they are being dealt with. It is for instance, the business of the Mobilising Officer to keep his eye on those maps and when too many engines have been withdrawn from one area, so to redistribute appliances and men as to fill up the gaps so that the depleted areas shall not be unprotected.

To render matters more efficient the Brigade has now been divided into two shifts, with the result that it is not necessary for all the men to live in. But the chief officer and the other headquarters officers of the Brigade live in jolly little flats with sun balconies overhead. So do the station officers, and the smallest of their quarters consists of two sitting rooms, three bedrooms, a kitchen, and a bathroom. And the view is splendid.

The watch on duty is accommodated on the first floor. Here are the locker rooms and the bunk rooms, whence the men can turn out all standing; or they feel like a meal—go into the canteen; or in spare moments play billiards. I envy the men the tables.

So when the call comes they are out in a jiffy, leap across the passage from the bunk room to the exits and down the silvery shining poles they dive. Down they dive either to be off, or watch the indicators above each engine—excuse me, each "appliance"—and await instructions. On each indicator is given the nearest point to the fire.

Yes, seconds count, and you can't beat the steel pole for a downwards dive. It beats the feet—it beats any lift that was ever invented, even in New York. And, on this point of the pole dive, it may be said that whereas the men have one floor to drop, some of the officers overhead have four floors to drop. And down they come like lightning, checking their speed by the grip of their right armpits on the shimmering steel pole.

The more one roams about this vast building from roof to cellar—the cellars are highly important—the more one is impressed with its efficiency and the completeness of its efficiency. It is clean now as a new pin, shining blue and white paint in every room, in every corridor, and one feels quite confident that this slickness will never fade. There may be a lot of science involved in the fighting of modern fires, but this highly-modern Brigade has not forgotten the gentle art of "spit and polish." Brass? You never saw such brass. Not that the helmets are of brass any more. They are leather and cork, and as near as they could get to a marvellous model by Reid Dick, R.A. And their black, gold-picked helmets, much tougher than steel. They have practical tests for toughness in the matter of helmets at the Brigade. They drop one brick, two bricks, three bricks on them from a given height to see what happens. That is an essential test. Bricks drop on firemen's helmets at fires.

That is by the way. But one has to think of such essential things as personnel. For personnel counts as much in the fighting of fires as do the marvellous machines which the men control.

The men are indeed splendid. They are picked for fitness and alertness and ex-Service men are preferred because they are used to discipline: and discipline is half the battle in the control of fire. But you cannot train a fireman to fight fires in such places for instance as the warehouses and docks of London, over night. The tuition is severe. The Training School at headquarters is a wonderful illustration of intensive instruction. Here the men learn to handle every kind of vehicle to which they may be attached. Here they get lectures on how to tackle every kind of fire. Many modern buildings nowadays, especially warehouses and great stores, contain sprinklers. Now if you cannot understand the working of a sprinkler, thousands of pounds may be lost which a little knowledge could save. So they learn all about sprinklers and the marvels of their inward mechanism. Then the understanding of smoke and gas. There is sometimes a lot of deadly gas about in fires at the docks. So there is a smoke and a gas chamber in which the men are trained to the use of the breathing apparatus. They are required to be expert at the art of living on the border of death.

There is also a special branch for cinematography. At every big fire the Brigade's operators take their own pictures. They are shown to the

(*Continued on p.* 156)

conference room on the second floor. The walls of the room curved table carried out in another variety of wood. In the London Fire Brigade; on the extreme right is seen Chief Warren

vening floors of concrete is situated the main Brigade control room for the whole sections. On it, small numbered studs indicate the positions of stations with special treatment. When a local fire arises information of its nature is transmitted to headquarters where they are received by the group of men shown on the right

THE GIANT DRILL TOWER: Fire engines assembled in the display yard for hook and ladder drill which is carried out with great precision from window to window of the tower. The speed with which the firemen ascend in this manner to the topmost window is truly remarkable

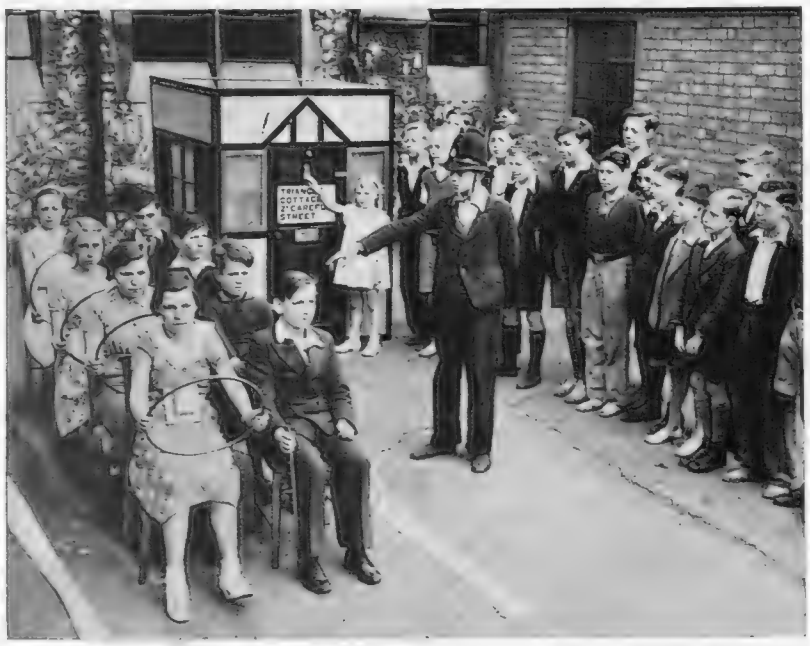
THE APPLIANCE ROOM: The indicator at the top flashes out the kind of appliance required and the men rush to the desired spot

AN EYE TO COMFORT: A corner of one of the men's locker and rest rooms for the night squad, showing the new type of bunk

All pictures taken for "The Sphere" by W. Davis

A VERITABLE FORTRESS: A general view of the main building showing above, the residential quarters and below, the permanent seating galleries from which displays can be watched by invited guests. Nothing has been forgotten—the commentator's box appears on the right

SAFEGUARDING YOUNG LIVES: One of the new patrolmen instituted by the Ealing Education Committee shepherding children safely over the dangerous Western Avenue crossing—part of a scheme to protect children at busy road junctions, an example which other local authorities would do well to follow



THE DRIVER'S POINT OF VIEW: Original methods of training children in road sense employed at St. Michael's and All Angels' Schools, Hackney, and devised by Mr. H. H. White, the headmaster, who is an authority on road sense training. Traffic difficulties from the driver's angle are taught to the children, who take the roles of learner-drivers and instructors and are guided by a "policeman"

A PRIVATE TRAFFIC POINT: Mr. H. H. White teaching the younger children the correct way to cross a road. These lessons, are readily absorbed by the children and prove invaluable as a means of reducing the present appalling figures of child mortality on the roads

TEACHING CHILDREN TO BE ROAD-MINDED: A Necessity in View of the Heavy Mortality Revealed in the Latest Government Figures

WHILST the recent accident statistics show a slight decrease in the number of persons killed on the roads in Great Britain last month, the figures show a marked increase in those killed in the Metropolitan Police area. The actual figures are ninety-four compared with seventy-six for the corresponding month last year. A large proportion of these were children, evidencing a crying need for schemes to control these young people while using the road, and inculcate in them a thorough knowledge of traffic and road-sense. It is with this thought that Mr. H. H. White, the headmaster of St. Michael's and All Angels' Schools, Hackney, has instituted a number of exercises to teach the children the rudiments of safety-first and train them to acquire road sense so necessary for their preservation on the roads. These lessons are proving exceptionally popular with the children.

STARS IN THE SKY: Mr. Clifford Mollison, who holds a first-class pilot's licence, about to take Miss Muriel Angelus for an air trip

WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN! Miss Angelus smilingly prepares to leave the plane piloted by Clifford Mollison. *Below*—Miss Angelus is seen struggling out of her flying kit, a feat she would have accomplished far more easily had she undone her belt

MURIEL ANGELUS

Takes to the Air with Clifford Mollison

FLYING as a hobby is firmly established in this country and now bids fair to capture the stage as well. Mr. Clifford Mollison, actor brother of the famous airman Jim Mollison, has been a devotee for over two years and is one of the only two members of his profession to hold a first-class pilot's licence. Miss Muriel Angelus has also succumbed to the lure of flying and the accompanying pictures show her embarking on her first air trip, a flight over Windsor Castle with Mr. Mollison. He and Miss Angelus are playing leading parts in *Balalaika* at His Majesty's Theatre. Miss Angelus has a very pretty singing voice of which she makes effective use in a number of duets with the prince-hero of the play.

Harris Tweed on a Maiden Voyage

SUMMER INTO WINTER

At the End of a Strenuous Season, when the Weather has not been too Kind, It is Grand to Follow the Sun and Ward Off Winter for a Further Month or Two

THERE is one thing about an autumn cruise. It entails less preliminary thought than almost any other, for one already has most of the clothes one wants. You've probably got slacks and a fair number of tailored shirts—maybe shorts as well, which is all to the good.

But one thing that you'll certainly need to get is a new suit, so we have photographed a winner for you. It just couldn't be last season's, for the coat is of white Harris tweed, and that never has been made in white before. It is worn with a bright blue skirt that has an inverted pleat at the front, and the jacket has a panelled front, high wide revers, and shoulder epaulettes. The price is 12½ guineas, made to order, and it comes from Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street, W.

Sign of a Seasoned Traveller

YOU can tell experienced travellers at a glance, for no matter what else they have you can be quite certain that they will be wearing a thoroughly workmanlike travel coat. They know that it means more to their comfort than almost any other item in their wardrobe, and that it will accompany them in their journeyings for many a long day.

Immediately above we have photographed an off-white pure camel-hair coat with wide stitched revers, grand raglan sleeves, and horn buttons. It has, as you can see on the left, a deep pleat right down the back, it is tailored with debonair precision, and it costs 9 guineas at Marshall and Snelgrove's. It is warm, it is light, and it is endlessly good-tempered.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Sir Aurel Stein's Outstanding Work —A Collection of Short Stories by William Saroyan—A New Theory Regarding the Princes in the Tower

Reviewed By
VERNON FANE

WHEN Mr. William Saroyan publishes a book it is, or should be an event. Even with a collection of short stories, all too often a literary dead weight, the occasion calls for a discreet cheer, because, whether you like them or not, Mr. Saroyan can write short stories that are incalculably different. He has a style of his own which is at least completely alive, completely an expression of a free and vivid intelligence. In an age when everyone is said to have one book in him, and thousands produce two or three, Mr. Saroyan has done the most difficult thing of all, the thing that gives one confidence in the vitality of letters; he has created something new.

THE GAY AND MELANCHOLY FLUX (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.) is his latest book of short stories, some of them no longer than two pages, plotless if not actually shapeless. Some of them only disconnected notes on writing, on existence, of reminiscence, and suggestions for new stories.

The story which gives the book its title, *Our Little Brown Brothers, The Living and the Dead* and *At Sundown*, should be read by anyone who wants to give the author a fair trial. There is about his writing something quite authentic, an integrity of thought that is expressed without preamble or hyperbole. On this I can do no better than quote Mr. Saroyan himself. "So long as a work of prose is about man, and so long as it is brief and tends to emphasise one phase of the reality of man, it may be called a short story, provided it possesses this wholeness. Plot, atmosphere, style, and all the rest of it may be regarded as so much nonsense; it is impossible to write one paragraph about man without having plot, and atmosphere, and what is known as style." And elsewhere, "Make your own grammar, and if it isn't in you to make your own grammar, you had better stick to ploughing the earth."

There is no doubt, from the novelist's point of view, which was the right side to be on during the American civil war. The Yankees were a tough and mannerless crowd, the Confederate army officered by a gallant set of young, landed gentlemen, all with pretty sisters.

NONE SHALL LOOK BACK (Constable. 8s. 6d.) follows the classic formula as far as this, but succeeds in being genuinely exciting as well. The Kentucky Allards, a large family with fine estates and innumerable coloured slaves, dominate the story. Their grandsons fight for the South and their granddaughters marry Confederate officers. Their old house is burned down in a search for ammunition, and old Fontaine Allard has a stroke from which he never recovers.

Tragedy is inevitable in such a history, and young Lucy Allard loses her favourite brother, his friend, and her own husband, himself only a boy. The rebel cause is lost and the great days of the South are over. Miss Caroline Gordon has written a dignified and touching story, as even an ardent secessionist would have admitted. Also, though she has chosen the same period and been moved by the same sympathies as the author of *Gone with the Wind*, she has avoided any comparison with her, except in relation to the battle scenes, which are perhaps a shade more vividly drawn in Miss Gordon's work.

EVER THE WINDS BLOW (Duckworth. 8s. 6d.) is a young man's saga from childhood to marriage, from an unhappy family life to happy companionship. The scene is set in America, and opens in the kind of suburban environment which is common to any English-speaking country. It is against just this atmosphere of ineffectual priggishness that the little Henry Frain rebelled. It was the meekest of rebellions for Henry was usually a docile child, anxious to please and never assertive.

Inwardly though, he resented the meaningless pretensions of his home, his weak elder brother dominated by his silly wife and her tiresome dramatisation of the most banal situations. Henry found refuge occasionally with a simple, middle-aged couple, who treated him as a contemporary, never nagged him or suggested that he should be any other than his quiet, bright-eyed, rather dirty-faced self.

With the Hagstroms he first discovered the joys of sailing a small boat, and ever afterwards the sea was to remain to him the most perfect and complete escape from every aspect of the life he had to accept for the greater part of the year. Later, at school and at college, Henry experienced the same limitations of outlook among his friends, and found the same relief for himself as the sea had offered, in solitary walks, and ski-ing expeditions.

From a lonely, introspective little boy he grew into an attractive, thoughtful youth, still questioning the immense stupidities of life. This phase seems to have held the greatest interest for Mr. Elliot Merrick, and he has enlarged on it at the risk of over-balancing his novel. The adolescent mind must be examined in detail, its impulses noted and appreciated, till one begins to sigh for the exquisite brevities of Mr. Booth Tarkington, a master at this stage of portrayal.

Henry finds peace finally with an amusing and high-spirited girl whom many would think far too good for him. However the author doubtless knows exactly what his characters need to make them happy, and the book closes on a New England idyll of hard work and snow-covered cottages.

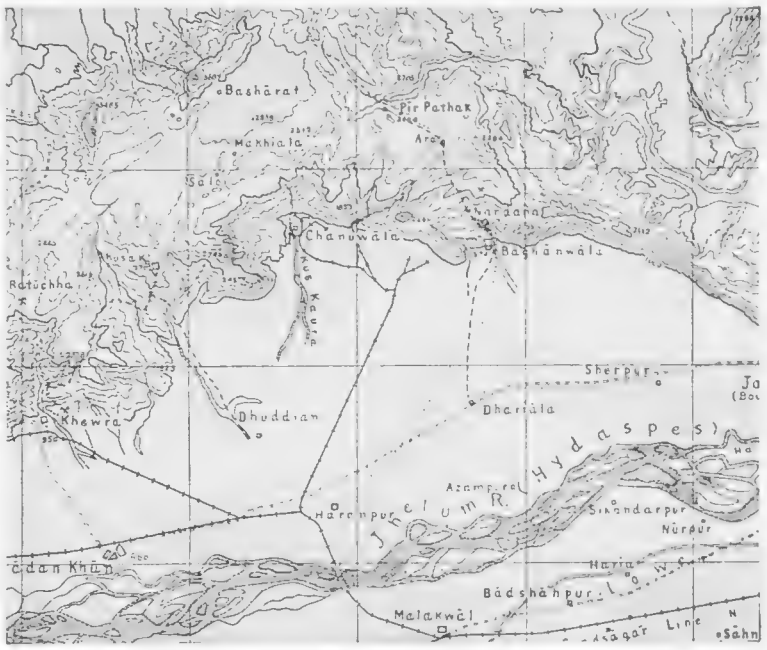
Mr. Merrick's book is thoughtfully rather than brilliantly conceived, but it shows great understanding, great sympathy, and an agreeable realism.

I have often thought that if I were to write an historical novel I would choose a period about which hardly anything was known for certain, a time about which there was endless conjecture and scarcely any cold, hard facts, and then let my imagination do the rest. The scholars would find it difficult to criticise without proofs to the contrary, and one could create characters, dress them, animate them, and kill them off against a background of unchallenged historical events. The method in fact would not be unlike that immortal Leslie Henson joke, which begins, "Have any of you here seen a bull fight? No? We-ell . . . ", and enlarges indefinitely on the terrors and heroisms of matadors.

I do not say, however, that this is the method chosen by Mr. C. E. Lawrence for his new romance of the days of King Richard III, THE GODS WERE SLEEPING (John Murray. 7s. 6d.), Actually there are great lacunae in the knowledge that exists about this period, which allow the novelist greater or less latitude in his invention, according to whether one belongs to the school of thought I have, a little frivolously, evoked, or prefers the more solid factual style.

This was a time of great unrest in England, with rival factions scheming for power and King Richard himself none too secure on his throne. His two little nephews constituted his chief problem, and their murder in the Tower of London was soon to become one of history's unsolved enigmas. To this day it is not known who gave the order for their death, though, with Shakespeare on their side, most people are apt to attribute it to Richard.

Mr. C. E. Lawrence has a new theory which he propounds with his customary admirable skill. I will leave the reader to find what it is for himself, though I may say that it is at least within the bounds of possibility.



IN THE TRACK OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT: The opening sections of Sir Aurel Stein's latest volume entitled *Archæological Reconnaissances in North-Western India and South-Eastern Iran* deal with the problem of Alexander's march to the Hydaspes (Ghelum). Sir Aurel maps the great Conqueror's presumed route by way of the Nandana passage as shown on the portion of the map here reproduced. Sir Aurel further illustrates in a dramatic picture the stronghold of Nandana. The view of the Hindu temple (reproduced below) also conveys a good impression of the striking mountain scenery of the Nandana. In the course of travels extending over aggregate marching distances of more than 2,400 miles across regions geographically little known and archæologically as yet unsurveyed numbers of prehistoric sites dating from occupation in chalcolithic times were traced, mainly on desert ground. Trial excavations brought to light abundant remains of elaborately painted ceramic wares, stone implements, and objects of copper or bronze. These finds derive special interest from the fact that they reveal close relationship on the one side with the relics of the earliest civilisation so far known from the lower Indus Valley and the adjacent desert region of Makran, the ancient Gedrosia, and on the other side with the chalcolithic culture prevailing in ancient Elam or Susiana, far away to the west, during the fourth millennium B.C. Messrs. Macmillan are to be congratulated on the production of this finely printed and admirably bound volume

BOOKS RECEIVED

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This England . . .

Upton-on-Severn (the Malvern Hills in the distance)

A RIVER at eventide seems made for gentle rumination. How like the way of a man through life is the course of such as the Severn. Headlong, wild in its imperious youth, shouldered by circumstance away from its ambition; turning then, slowed to a grave deep beauty of character, towards its goal; crowned at last by achievement such as Bristol typifies, seated there like some mellow burgher, full of years and usefulness. This rhythm informs most good things—certainly the brewing of your Worthington. Youthful strength that in the fullness of time must work itself into rich maturity—suave to the palate but of great and generous heart.

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BIG GAME OF THE SEAS: Dr. O. B. Deiter, who together with his wife and Mrs. D. Barker, has set out on a shark-fishing expedition around the coasts of Britain, about to harpoon a basking shark off the Scilly Isles

A MONSTER BROUGHT LOW: Mrs. Deiter examining the mouth of one of the enormous basking sharks caught off the Scillies. This species of shark is usually harmless to man and lives on small fishes and other minute forms of sea life

ONE HUNDREDWEIGHT OF LIVER: The phenomenal size of the liver taken from a basking shark which weighed 1,120 lb. The expedition was embarked upon largely to see if the shark fishing season around Britain could be extended, and it has proved remarkably successful. This particular variety of shark derives its name from its habit of lying passive just below the surface of the water

BIG MONEY IN GOLF *(Continued from page 149)*

Of the individual golf clubs, the juiciest appointments are to Fresh Meadow, Metropolis, Progress, Lake View, Wing Foot, and Siwanay, the latter being the real plum. Tommy Kerrigan, the professional there, sold as much as £4,000 worth of golf balls, golf clubs, and so on in one month during the boom, and generally sells more goods in one month than most clubs do in a year. Charles Lacey told me that this May he sold £1,500 worth of goods. This means that he made £500 in four weeks.

Times, of course, are not so good as they were in the boom. I think I told you once before that Walter Hagen made £15,000 in 1929. He actually received £1,720 for playing Bobby Jones over 36 holes. Even at Moor Park a few years ago he received £500 for playing a challenge match against Archie Compston, and being defeated by 18 up and 17 to play.

During the Florida boom Walter Hagen was paid £6,000 a year just to be "the president" of the Pasadena Golf Club in the four winter months.

Henry Cotton is by far the highest-paid professional in Great Britain. I fancy he receives £600 a year as a retainer from Ashridge Golf Club, with which Lord Rosebery is closely associated. He charges £2 a lesson, and is booked up for weeks at a time. Even before he won the Open Championship a fortnight ago he received £40 for an exhibition golf match, while Alfred Padgham got only £25.

Another contrast between the pay received by American and English professionals is provided by the Ryder Cup matches. The English professionals receive £15: the Americans receive £200. It is true that the Americans have to pay their passage from and to America when this international match is decided over here, but still the contrast is great.

On an average, English professionals receive a retainer of less than £100 a year. In many cases it is entirely nominal. Abe Mitchell, it is true, received £2,000 a year as professional at North Foreland when the late Lord Northcliffe was alive, but the average golf professional is exceedingly lucky to receive £200 a year as a retainer and to earn £500 a year all told. Quite true, the *News of the World*, the *Daily Mail*, and various manufacturers of golf balls put up considerable sums of money for open competition among professionals, and Padgham last year must have earned nearly £2,000 in prize money. This, however, is quite exceptional, and Cotton indeed had a particularly lean year, although his average was only a fraction over level fours for goodness knows how many rounds.

What is really so odd is that an English amateur in good standing can make far more than a professional. Mr. Robert Sweeny made £850 out of the White's Club tournament alone. True, this involved backing himself for £115, but any first-class professional would be glad to do the same for such a reward—if he were eligible. And if you add the Russell-Wagg tournament, the Bucks Club tournament, the Bachelors ditto, the Portland ditto, the Boodles ditto, the Screen Golfing Society ditto, the aggregate money to be won by amateurs in Great Britain is at least five times more than the luckless professionals can compete for.

LONDON'S NEW RIVERSIDE FIRE BRIGADE STATION
(Continued from page 151)

men and studied. In fact, there is nothing which is overlooked.

And when one says that nothing is overlooked, let us look back for a moment at the beginnings of all this intricate method of fighting fires in London. The earliest history of the matter shows that in A.D. 1212—after the City of London had been wiped out four times in the four preceding centuries—it was ordered that each alderman should keep "a crook and a cord" and it was recommended that "a vessel full of water should be placed before every door." Even these modest requirements seem to have fallen into abeyance, and when the Great Fire of London broke out in 1666 there were practically no means of fighting the flames at all. It was not until some years after the Great Fire—in 1707—that an Act was passed ordering every parish in London to keep "one large engine and one hand engine." The saving of life was not considered at all until 1774 when Parliament ordained that every parish should provide "proper ladders of one, two, or three storeys high for assisting persons in houses on fire to escape therefrom." It was not until 1832 that the private fire brigades of the insurance companies were amalgamated into one brigade.

Nor was it until after the historic Tooley Street fire of 1861 that the authorities became rather alarmed. But it was four years before the Metropolitan Fire Brigade Act was passed and the duty of extinguishing fires and protecting life and property from fire was placed upon the Metropolitan Board of Works. Twenty years later, under the Local Government Act of 1888, the Brigade passed into the control of the L.C.C. And it is to the credit of the different parties that have controlled that august body that since then the London Fire Brigade has been kept consistently up to date.

To-day its headquarters are a veritable township designed to fight fires in the many townships controlled by the L.C.C.

The Council is proud of its Brigade and determined that the gallant fellows who command it and man it should not hide their light under a bushel. Overlooking the vast parade ground—or demonstration ground or whatever it is best called—have been erected tiers of seats which will accommodate thousands of visitors on demonstration days. Even at the old cramped quarters at Southwark 13,000 people watched the Brigade at practical work last year. Scores of thousands of people will be able to see them at work between this time and a year hence from the special galleries constructed for spectators at the new headquarters.

Let us take a parting look from this gallery and conjure up the nature of the show witnessed by the King. Away on the right the bandstand—filled with the Brigade's own band and a characteristically efficient one at that. Over on the left the drill tower, rising 100 ft. up. And from the top of its dizzy height men descending by hook ladders floor by floor at the word of command from the microphone in the observation room. It is a spectacle which brings one's stomach into one's throat. The playing of the relentless hoses, the all-pervading vapour of the spray, and vast machines roaring in and roaring out.

It is a grand show and one which will have the longest run on record. It will run as long as fires have to be fought in London.

LOUIS PHILIPPE AT PORTSMOUTH *(See page 141)*

IN the issue of the *Illustrated London News* for October 12, 1844, appears this description of the arrival of the *Gomer*.

"On Tuesday morning, the guns of the *Queen*, 110-gun ship, at Spithead, begun to boom in the distance, announcing the coming in sight of the squadron of the eagerly expected Sovereign. The French squadron came on slowly and majestically, each ship of war saluting as it advanced, and each battery taking up the salute. From the moment she anchored, the *Gomer*, which bore His Majesty, was an object of riveted and eager attention; round her crowded every disposable boat or small craft about the port, whilst the most distant spectators examined her with their telescopes. Nor was this steam-frigate unworthy of their curiosity. Her form is admirable, the wide expanse of her spotless deck, her mast, yards, and rigging show she has been the pet handiwork of the French shipwrights, and that she is the favourite of her captain and crew who manœuvred her in silence, and with a most seamanlike celerity and ease. Below she has all the character of a floating palace—the drawing-rooms are as convenient as they are magnificent; that in which the King received his visitors has its sides lined with crimson velvet, whilst in every direction you behold tables of the rarest woods; and luxurious *causeuses* and sofas lined with yellow satin."

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Knocke-Zoute.—The Rubens Hotel.—The finest hotel in the best position on sea front near Casino. Free conveyance to links.

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In Praise of Cruising

BASKING ON THE SUNLIT DECK: Cruising visitors on a C.P.R. boat enjoying the warmth of the southern sunshine

HOWEVER much we may flatter ourselves that we enjoy the English summer it is rarely that the hopes of modern counterparts of the Zoroastrians are fulfilled, and this year has so far provided little exception to prove the rule. It is therefore no cowardice on the part of the sun-lover for him to go abroad in order to indulge his fancy, and the cruising liner has proved an easy and pleasant means to this end.

It needed the rigours of the years of depression to teach this lesson, but with increased prosperity and more favourable exchanges abroad an allegedly seafaring nation shows no sign of forgetting what it so tardily learnt in the lean times. The reason for this continued popularity is not far to seek. Apart from the comforts of ship-board which have been reviewed on other occasions on this page the difficulties, often only imagined, which people think confront them when travelling abroad simply do not in this case exist. For instance, there are the supposed language difficulty which, though it exists in the main only in the minds of stay-at-homes, nevertheless is a deterrent to travel abroad; strange currencies; foreign food. Though these objections sound absurd to seasoned travellers they are often determining factors to those unaccustomed to other countries. A cruise can be the means either of avoiding these fancied difficulties or of proving that they do not exist as a prelude to more ambitious touring.

We all know and admire those people who insist upon going abroad in the most uncomfortable manner and by devious and unfrequented routes. In them there lives more of the spirit of the explorer than in the rest of us. It must be confessed that the majority, while anxious to discover new places, prefer to do so in a more comfortable manner. The cruise presents the opportunity.

After these general remarks let us come down to some more concrete suggestions.

The early autumn months are probably as good a time as any for a comparatively short cruise. The voyagers for the West Indies, Java, or the Antipodes will probably not be setting out until later. The Mediterranean is one of the most pleasant choices.

First, I should like to examine the opportunities for visiting islands given by a cruise in the middle sea. They are many and varied. There is something particularly attractive about islands—something springing from the conceit that one is visiting a little world of its own with an individuality all to itself. I confess that I succumb to this attraction. Cyprus, for instance.

The fabled birthplace of Venus has been under the British Crown for half a century. Reputedly neglected until recent years, the island has certainly escaped many of the unattractive additions which follow intensive colonisation. It is now important strategically; but apart from this aspect Cyprus has particular claims of interest. Here the several rulers who at one time or another have held the island, Greeks, Normans, Venetians, and Turks have all left their marks. There are many Byzantine churches and monasteries, and the Greek Orthodox Church remains the main ecclesiastical authority. Then there were the titular kings of Jerusalem to whom the island was given by our own Richard Cœur de Lion. He conquered it from the Byzantine usurper, Isaac Cominenos, after Berengaria was wrecked there and held hostage, and the Knights of St. John to whom it later passed have left castles and churches. You may still read English names on tombstones of these periods.

There is a famous Gothic cathedral at Nicosia and the castle of St. Hilarion above Kyrenia is a notable legacy from architects who had learnt much from the Saracen builders. It is fortunate that the Turks were guilty of neglect rather than destruction. Cyprus has splendid bathing beaches; there are now some good hotels, and for those who seek cool places, there are such resorts as Troödos in the mountains. Famagusta and Limassol should be included in a visit.

Another famous island in the Mediterranean is Crete, where King Minos had his palace and labyrinth, and the relics of an incredibly ancient civilisation may be seen. Comparatively little known, Crete deserves a more thorough exploration. Rhodes on the other hand has become one of the show places of the Italian possessions. Long a noted stronghold of the Knights of St. John, it is full of glorious palaces and buildings dating from the days of the military Order. Rhodes is certainly a shining example of intelligent preservation and the Italians are justly proud of it.

The Greek Islands are so many and various that they deserve a prolonged tour. An idea for future visits may however be gained from the visit of a cruising liner. Moving northward up towards the Dalmatian coast, we come to Corfu, famous for its beauty and as the summer residence successively of the lovely and ill-fated Empress Elisabeth of Austria and the ex-Kaiser.

South of the toe of Italy is Malta, another famous British base, and again notable for the relics of the dominion of the Knights of St. John, who found there a last refuge when driven out of Rhodes by the Turks. Sicily needs no praise of its beauties. Sardinia, the sister island of famous Corsica, has lately been much developed by the Italians, who are anxious to make it better known to travellers. Those who in Corsica have found delight in glorious scenery and wonderful flowers should seriously consider a trip to the larger island. I omit for the present the Balearics, which at the moment are "out of bounds." We have briefly noticed some of the more famous islands of the Mediterranean. Let us turn to some of the notable places which lie upon or within reach of its coast.

To take a few ports of call at random. Beirut is the gateway to some famous places. From here you may journey through Lebanon, where still grow the remnants of the famous cedar forest, to visit Palmyra and Baalbek. Both are renowned for their great Roman ruins, and the Temple of the Sun at the former deserves particular mention. There is also an excellent hotel. Then there is Smyrna, from where you may visit Ephesus, and it is to be hoped that you will take the Acts and Mr. Morton's book with you. You will remember that here Cleopatra met Antony. Jaffa and Haifa are, of course, the ports of the Holy Land, where a settlement of racial difficulties seems at length in view.

Egypt will likely be left for a winter visit. Farther west along the African coast is Libya which, apart from enormous deserts, contains much of interest and is one of the venues of Signor Mussolini's resurrection of Rome's African empire. Few cruising liners to the Mediterranean fail to visit Tunis or Algiers. Before leaving the Mediterranean, it should be noted that a cruise is a signally good way of getting some idea of the various points of interest along Italy's enormously lengthy coastline. A stop at Naples may enable one to visit not only Vesuvius, Pompeii, and Herculaneum, but also Capri, where Tiberius lived out the last years of a bad old age. Rome too is within easy reach of the sea, Venice so closely knit with it as to be almost its lovely emanation, and Genoa and Leghorn interesting old ports well worthy of a visit. You will recollect too, how in

(Continued on page 160)

THE JEWEL OF THE MEDITERRANEAN: The joys of Capri are not only confined to the beauties of nature, munificent as she has been in that respect. At the Hotel Quisisana visitors are provided with every form of luxury and comfort obtainable amid the superb scenery typical of Tiberius' favourite isle

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CRUISING PROGRAMMES

SUN-BATHING AT REID'S: Visitors enjoying the sunshine at the famous Madeira hotel, familiar to all visitors to this port of call. Many Cunard-White Star cruising programmes include this resort

IF you can defer your holiday until the beginning of September, or arrange to take the second half at that time, the Royal Mail's *Atlantis* is leaving on September 3 on a cruise during which she touches at some very attractive places. For instance on September 9 she will be off Algiers for a few hours before leaving Africa for Europe again and putting in a call at balmy Rapallo with its background of olive-clad hills as a preface to the journey down the Italian coast to Naples. At Naples you would have nearly two days; after that there is a further spell of forty-eight hours at sea before Phaleron Bay is reached. On the way home the *Atlantis* touches at Messina and Lisbon. This is the most expensive of her early autumn cruises, twenty-one days for 36 guineas. Later in the month she will be sailing to Madeira and Teneriffe.

GREECE: One of the most fascinating countries to visit in the early autumn, with its mighty temples and striking rock scenery. The Acropolis is here seen from between columns of the Temple of Theseus

The Orient Line are running two "quick trips" to Egypt and back in September. These should be particularly convenient for those people who, while unable to take a holiday in the winter, are justifiably anxious to see something of Egypt. The *Orama*, an extremely comfortable vessel, takes only seventeen days over the double journey and this includes two separate days at Port Said. It is quite possible in a day at Cairo to see the principal buildings, the Tutankhamen relics in the museum, and the bazaars. These trips start respectively on September 3 and September 21 and cost £52 return first class and £24 tourist. Passengers by the first sailing have the option of staying in Egypt until the *Orama* returns on her second voyage. On both cruises stops are made at Haifa.

While on the subject of Egypt I should like to mention our old friends Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son who have for so long made the visitors' path smooth in that, as in so many other countries. In a very long experience Messrs. Cook have got Egypt at their finger-ends and, apart from the excellent tours they themselves run, it is always worth while to ask their advice if you are contemplating a visit to that country.

To people for whom "crossing the Line" and all that goes with it is an invincible attraction the Booth Line's Forest Cruise should appeal strongly. The *Hilary's* is perhaps the most ambitious cruise being run at the present time. An important point, considering that for most of the time she is in the

EARLY AUTUMN

Mr. Morton's last book, Lord Sparkenbroke wrote a poem on how the Holy Face was brought to Lucca. This precious relic is occasionally exposed to the public view.

Outside the Mediterranean there are various regions, a cruise to which will be a delightful experience in the early autumn. Between England and the Azores are sunny seas. At the far end of the trip are in all these cases lovely islands. All these lie in that happy zone where winter is a name rather than a season. There the grotesque shapes of nature are clothed with the luxuriance of tropical plant-life, and a warm sea laps golden beaches.

The Portuguese and Spanish island colonies are of very old foundation, and in their towns are many relics of old days. The doings of the outside world here sound as vague and indistinct murmurs and there is an abiding sense of calm. It is difficult to take things seriously to heart as you drowse in the shadow of a bougainvilia vine or haul many-hued fish from dark blue depths.

On the way home from the Atlantic isles you will almost certainly stop at Lisbon, an interesting old city in itself and within an easy drive of various points of interest. Perhaps you will be shown over King Manoel's summer palace where you may still see his rooms as they were left at the hurried flight of the Royal family, even the English periodicals laid

FOR EARLY AUTUMN

UP THE MIGHTY AMAZON: A glimpse of the tremendous jungle country of which passengers by the Booth Line get interesting views both from steamer and shore. This scene is typical of the Province of Para

tropics, is that this liner is specially fitted with every convenience for hot climates. As a prelude to Para and Manaos in Brazil stops are made at Leixões and Lisbon so that passengers will get a good idea of the architecture and characteristics of the parent country before visiting its enormous offspring. The cruise takes over seven weeks and costs from £60 to £85 according to season. The *Hilary* sails on August 10, October 7, and December 7.

Besides a series of nearly a dozen of their popular "Mont" liner cruises, giving opportunities of seeing the Northern capitals and the Mediterranean and Atlantic islands at the moderate cost of £1 per day minimum, the Canadian Pacific have announced for the later summer and early autumn two first-class Mediterranean cruises by the *Empress of Australia*, one of the most notable cruising liners afloat. The first of these cruises begins at Southampton on July 31 and includes Algiers, Dubrovnic, Kotor, Corfu, Athens, Istanbul, and Gibraltar. She returns to Southampton on August 31, and the fares range from 36 guineas upwards. This cruise of course includes a journey through the Greek islands which should be particularly interesting. A further *Empress of Britain* cruise, leaving on September 25, and returning on October 20, would take you to Philippeville, Naples, Athens, Rhodes, Haifa, and Port Said. It costs from 45 guineas upwards. Besides the cruises in European waters and those of the Near East the Canadian Pacific continue their very pleasant short Holiday Tours to Canada, with visits to the United States, during August and September. One more "Across Canada" trip begins on August 17, and costs £174 which is an inclusive fare.

Such is a brief survey of some of the cruises from among which one may take one's choice this late summer and early autumn. Ranging from opportunities of crossing the Rockies to a sight of the Golden Horn there is scope for all tastes in the matter of scenery and it should not be forgotten that, apart from being a most luxurious conveyance, a cruising liner is the most up-to-date thing in the amusement and games line in existence.

EGYPT: There is perhaps no thrill for the Mediterranean traveller to equal that of the first view of the temples on the banks of the Nile. Here is a statue of Rameses II and his daughter at the great Luxor Temple

Sailors have always had a name for neatness and organisation. In the modern cruising liner comfort and well-planned entertainment have been achieved by designers who have many years of experience behind them.

S. S.

TRAVEL *(Continued from page 159)*

out on the table. Or you may drive over to Estoril, the famous sea-side resort, and make a mental reservation to come back there for a prolonged stay another time.

If you stop at Bordeaux on the way home do not forget that this is the centre of the most famous district for food in France. There are many superb restaurants. It may happen to be the season for "Bordeaux pigeon." If you eat one of these delectable birds do not be under the illusion that they are carefully fed up for the table. They are in fact none other than our old and (gastronomically) despised friend the wood-pigeon. In spring and autumn vast hordes of these birds pass through the Landes, inland from Bordeaux, and are there shot in thousands.

My course has resembled rather the desultory wanderings of an absent-minded gull than the purposeful schedule of a cruising liner. On these pages, however, will be found more detailed notes on the various cruises you are at liberty to choose. My purpose has been to mention at random various places which may be thought worthy of a visit. It is hoped that this course will suggest to the minds of intending voyagers some factors which may determine the particular cruise upon which they decide to embark.

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Two Types of Luxury Hotel Another on an

I RENEWED my acquaintance last Sunday with a delightful representative of the first category — Beauport Park Hotel, Battle, Sussex—about half way on the road between Battle and Hastings. Although the weather was of the depressing, drizzling order—the sort of weather which shows up the weak spots of any place—yet the impression created by the hotel and grounds was charming.

Beauport Park Hotel is small, having only some twenty bedrooms, but all of them large and well proportioned. The house is a modern Georgian replica, the original mansion which was started in 1719 being burnt down in 1923. Yet the eighteenth-century atmosphere of quiet and spacious seclusion is absolutely inherent. A feeling of repose descends automatically as you drive in through a magnificent wooded park of 1,400 acres.

The trees must be seen to be believed. Aboriculturists from Kew, forestry experts from Canada come and examine them. There are nearly thirty kinds of oak alone as well as some literally famous specimens of Indian cedar, cephalonian fir, and a giant sequoia 100 ft. high. You can walk for miles, or better still ride, through these Arcadian groves carpeted in their season with violet, primrose, and bluebell and suddenly coming upon breath-taking vistas, framed far in the distance of Beachy Head to the south and the Dungeness Lighthouse to the north. The rhododendrons are about 30 ft. high.

Riding is, of course, the ideal pastime. Hacks and hunters can be hired from the hotel stables and instruction given by Mr. J. Connolly, I.H. There are two grass courts and one hard court in the grounds. There are five golf courses (including Cooden) within easy reach. The East Sussex Foxhounds meet regularly in the district and occasionally at the hotel. Some rough shooting and coarse fishing are available for visitors—two trout of 8 lb. were recently brought in. Finally the sea is but 3 miles away.

Within the hotel all is luxury of the best country house type, carried out with the maximum of good taste. The bedrooms are of course modernly equipped with radiators, water, telephone and companionable bed-side lamps . . . and the beds blissful. For spirituous refreshment the local authorities ask you to join the club for a modest 2s. 6d., whereupon the cellar and the bar await your pleasure. The cooking like everything else—first class. I enjoyed an exquisite sole Colbert followed by a toothsome young chicken.

In short—Beauport Park is a residence for the discriminating minority.

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

—One in a Sussex Park and Island off Devon

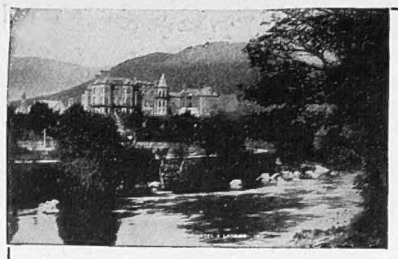
dreams and the phantoms of romantic literature are joined. From the past there is an inn, with a sign dated 1395! Fourteenth-century sack on tap. From the present a luxury hotel which blends perfectly with its surroundings. For the future here is that peace of mind and soul which awaits us, according to the seers, in the distant future. Romantic literature — here pirates brained each other with their wooden legs . . . and the world of dreams. Who ever heard of an island to which access was by means of a sea tractor and without having to get into a boat?

Anyone who enjoys solitude with luxury I confidently recommend to write to the hotel for an excellently-written brochure by Mr. S. P. B. Mais, who describes eloquently and in detail the fascination of this unusual retreat.

The place is literally enchanted. As Mr. Mais writes, "As soon as you cross you immediately realise that you are on enchanted ground, and you never lose the feeling as long as you are on the island. It only occupies thirty acres, but in that small space is packed an infinite variety. You have the choice of about a dozen rocky secluded coves to lie in or bathe from, and you will have the cove to yourself, for practically the whole island is reserved for the guests of the hotel. It is the only house except the fourteenth-century smugglers' haunt, now known as the Pilchard Inn, a log cabin fitted with hot and cold water, and a three-cabin boat, the *Jolly Roger*, high and dry on the rocks just below the island, both of which serve as an annexe to the hotel." You can actually occupy the log cabin with private bathroom like any other double bedroom, or take the entire *Jolly Roger* containing three cabins with two berths each. Being on the rocks like this is quite fun.

A feeling of being at sea without "feeling" at sea is of course the dominating impression. The lounge is actually the stern of the top deck of the old H.M.S. *Ganges*. And yet just over the hill is an expanse of green downland. Glorious sands between the island and mainland, a natural swimming pool or a private cove to yourself, hard and grass tennis courts, a putting course, rock climbing, and of course, fishing, an eighteen-hole golf course . . . these are but a few of the delights that await the adventurer. You can knock a golf ball about on the island with none but the cormorants to criticise, or play proper golf on the hotel course 300 ft. up on the mainland.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*



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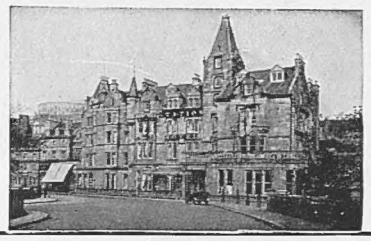

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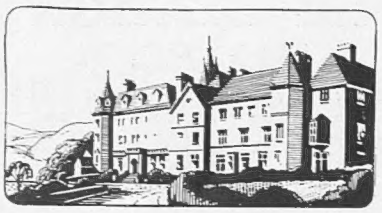

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS: *Answers to Correspondents*

D.I.B. (Knightsbridge).—So far as hotels actually in Keswick are concerned the two best are the Keswick Hotel and the Royal Oak, but if you would like something smaller, I can strongly recommend the Borrowdale Hotel, Borrowdale at the head of Lake Derwentwater. Reverting to Keswick itself, there is a small hotel—Ye Olde George—which I think you would like. When you are in the Lake District do not fail to visit the Old Pheasant Hotel at Bassenthwaite, Armathwaite Hall Hotel, near Keswick, and the Victoria Hotel, Buttermere.

Miss D. (Eastbourne).—I think the following hotels would meet your requirements very well as regards real comfort, personal attention, good cooking, and entirely free from squash courts, swimming pool, etc.—Grove Hall Hotel, Twyford, Berks (where every bedroom has a private bathroom); Beches Manor Hotel, Wokingham; and the Red House, Leatherhead. These are all of the converted country-house type with charming grounds.

Mrs. J. B. (Smeeth).—Yes. I can most strongly recommend the Ship Hotel at Mere in Wiltshire as a halting place en route for Cornwall. I have been there myself and I think you would be very charmed with it. Should you go there, make yourself known to Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, as I am sure they would be delighted to know how it was you came to visit them.

W. G. T. (Dublin).—I was interested to hear of your proposed motoring tour in Devon and Cornwall. As regards the Quantock Hills there is a delightful little hotel called the Dragon House at Washford, which I can most strongly recommend. If you would care for Dulverton on Exmoor, there is an extremely nice little place, Woodcote Hotel, admirably run by Miss Jeeves.

DRAMA, FILM, AND TERPSICHORE

(Continued from page 147)

the book was the love story of Lancelot and Guinevere, we were shown a dream-masque in which that superb dancer Mlle Danilova was given few chances and still fewer clothes. The latter deficiency need not be a source of worry, since Mlle Danilova's loveliness is as unquestionable as her genius, and the appearance with her of a no less scantily-clad Sir Lancelot, after a veil of what looked like butter-muslin had been removed, was one of the lighter spots of the production which had all too few of them, even if King Arthur would have called a Round Table conference about it. Her Majesty was accompanied by a Burne-Jones orchestra—graceful damsels with musical instruments more poetical than practical. I do not think I am being meticulous if I beseech the producer to order these damsels, who are supposed to be playing the instruments, to do so with some semblance of reality. It is irritating to see a trumpet being "blown" while held at least a foot away from the mouth of the performer.

In addition to these quaint musicians was Mlle Riabouchinska wearing a pair of angel's wings and dancing with angelic beauty. But, alas, not for long; for Malatesta came along waving a sword with which he killed Paolo after a rather exciting fight. Then Francesca fell on the sword and the curtain fell on this most capable company, ensconced by that time behind a barricade to which half the florist shops in London must have contributed.

No, as a ballet *Francesca da Rimini* cannot be called a success and, indeed, cannot be called a ballet. But this brilliant troupe give us so much that is exquisite that they may be forgiven their lapses. Mr. Oliver Messel's decor and costumes are admirable, though I do not think that a tower not more than 30 ft. high should be represented as cloud-capped.

THE LATE SENATOR MARCONI AND HIS FAMILY: The great inventor, who died in Rome last Tuesday, seen with his wife and daughter, Elettra, on leaving a London nursing home in 1935

PRINCESS DAWN: A study of the five-year-old daughter of H. H. Nawab of Rampur a prince of great influence among the Muhammadans. The princess has been coming to Europe every year since 1934

ANGLO-GERMAN ROMANCE: Prince Ludwig von Hessen with Miss Margaret Campbell Geddes, to whom his engagement is announced

LORD JERSEY TO RE-MARRY: The decree nisi granted to the Countess of Jersey having been made absolute, Lord Jersey is to marry Miss Virginia Cherrill, the American film actress, who won fame in Charlie Chaplin's film, *City Lights*

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Society's Army Bands School at Orpington, recently held its Annual Inspection when General Walter Kirke attended. During the Chairman's thanks, it was revealed that an Old Boy of the School was one of the Trumpeters inside Westminster Abbey on Coronation Day, while his brother now in Australia, (also an Old Boy) is preparing for Holy Orders, and will soon be a Clergyman in Australia. Three other Old Boys are at present Bandmasters in the Army. Donations are urgently needed to carry on this worth-while work, and will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brook (Hampshire).—Bell Inn.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Camber (Sussex).—The "Billy" Golf Hotel.
Christchurch (Hampshire).—King's Arms Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Fawley (Hampshire).—Falcon Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Godalming.—The Lake Hotel.
Guildford.—Bramley Grange Hotel.
Hambleden.—Stag & Huntsman (Henley 4 miles).
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Wellington Hotel.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
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Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough.—The Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
New Forest (Hampshire).—Beaulieu Road Hotel
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
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Scarborough.—The Grand.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel. Tel. 3.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Waterbeach (Sussex).—Richmond Arms Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weybridge.—Heath Hotel.
Wheatley, Oxford.—Brimpton Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.

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Tempsford, Beds. (51).—The Anchor.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133¼).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge (211).—Three Arrows Hotel.
Leeming Lane (227).—Newton House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Tel. 2.
Grasmere.—Prince of Wales Lake Hotel. Tel. 4
Grasmere.—Dale Lodge Hotel. Tel. 20.

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Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

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SCOTLAND

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Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Gullane.—Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2
Oban.—Station Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perthshire (Sma' Glen).—Amulree Hotel.
Perthshire.—The Royal Hotel, Tyndrum.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.

WALES

Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

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Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—Bonne Nuit Chalet Hotel.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.
Guernsey.—The Royal Hotel.

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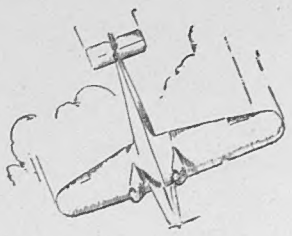

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